

Holy Writ
and
Modern Thought

A. CLEVELAND COXE

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THE BEDELL LECTURES, 1891

HOLY WRIT
AND
MODERN THOUGHT

A Review of Times and Teachers

BY
A. CLEVELAND COXE ✓
BISHOP OF WESTERN NEW-YORK

"No book can be written in behalf of the Bible like the Bible itself."

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TO THE RT. REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,

GREGORY THURSTON BEDELL, D.D.,

THIRD BISHOP OF OHIO.

MY VENERATED BROTHER: To you I dedicate these Lectures, with feelings of tender fraternal regard, thanking God that you and your amiable consort survive to watch successive products of the Lecture-ship of which you are co-founders. May those which I now lay before you prove acceptable in some humble proportion, as those of my predecessors have been in such high degree.

Here, amid the shades of Kokosing, in the house so long your home, and where you once so hospitably received me, I have enjoyed the hospitalities of our younger

brother in the Episcopate, to whom you resigned your cares, and who has entered into your labours with energy and with marked abilities for his great work. Need I say how constantly your name and that of Mrs. Bedell have been upon his lips and those of his family and his guests, as everything about us has suggested some grateful remark? As I looked over the scene from my windows, in the kindly light of the "summer of All-Saints"—the embracing river far below, the woods around still heavy with their foliage in autumnal colours, and the opening which discloses the distant spire—or when I heard the chiming bells send forth their music as a call to prayer, I have felt that your spirit, as well as your personal history, is here enshrined in meet memorials. Long may it be so, if, indeed, the world itself is destined to any long duration. But how little this concerns us, who look for new heavens and a new earth, and who cherish a trembling hope

for the Master's gracious judgment and award. May we, with all those who have kept the Faith, receive together an abundant entrance into that glory which shall be revealed through our blessed Redeemer. Let me commend myself and my diocese to your prayers and benediction, as, my Rt. Reverend brother,

Yours in Christ,

A. CLEVELAND COXE,

Bishop of Western New York.

KOKOSING, November 5, 1891.

PREFATORY.

THESE Lectures were delivered in the chapel of Kenyon College, on the 3d and 4th of November, 1891. But they have been subsequently revised, abridged in some portions and enlarged in others: a measure to which I was prompted by the recent appearance of able works that rendered some of my own endeavours less needful, and made room for the admission of fresh material more likely to be useful. Three sentences which I borrow from Dr. Pusey's learned work on "Daniel" might be taken as mottoes for my Lectures, as follows: (1) "It seems to be almost a principle with some to hold what is assailed to

be uncertain. . . . (2) Rationalism was the product not of the attacks on the Gospel, but of its weak defenders. . . . (3) No book can be written in behalf of the Bible like the Bible itself."

A. C. C.

SEE-HOUSE, Buffalo, 1892.

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HOLY WRIT AND MODERN THOUGHT.

LECTURE I.

MODERN THOUGHT.

CHRISTIANS are not of the past only. To them belong all time, and eternity at its end. Since Abel reared his altar and worshipped the Paschal Lamb, the Christian Faith has been visible in men of faith; and ever since there have been Cains, professing a rational Deism, but denying the atonement and rejecting the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. In our day the Cainites boast themselves to be "liberal Christians." They are free to give away what does not belong to them,

and they kiss the Christ in order to hand Him over to be crucified. So stands the case in our times, and "of our own selves" men have arisen "speaking perverse things." What is our duty in such a crisis? Let us remember that it is no new peril; the Church has passed through fires much more terrible: and St. Paul's prescription still assures us of our great resource. "Night and day with tears," he reminded the primitive faithful that such dangers should arise, but he rehearsed his own teaching; proclaimed it to be "the whole counsel of God," and added a charge to all bishops, whether of the first or second order, to "watch and remember" what he had testified, and thereby and therewith to "feed the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood." Under such instructions I stand before you this day. I offer no apology for my adhesion to what always, everywhere, and by all the apostolic churches has been professed as

“the Faith once delivered to the saints.” To Christians I address myself, to build them up in this holy Faith, to show them that they have no cause for alarm or anxiety, and to prove that what figures as “modern thought” is but the same old unbelief in new disguises, while, at this very moment, the activity and predominance of truth have never been more marked. The phases of Christianity in our day are most encouraging. Even the press arrayed against us is doing the work of the Apostolic Church, for what it successfully assails is not the Faith, nor the Church. It is old scholasticism; it is Aristotle, not St. Paul; it is Luther perhaps, or Calvin, or Laynez, the three fathers of modern sectarianism. It is not Athanasius, nor the Nicene Confession; above all, it is not the Scriptures, nor the Holy Spirit who gave them, nor Christ who sent Him to teach all truth and to abide with us forever. I have lived through the greater part of this century,

and from a child have watched everything that concerns the Church with an interest the most profound. I have studied the greater issues of my times, and to some extent have had a share in their workings; and when I compare the present with what I recall as the state of things in my youth, I feel strong and hopeful—yes, confident and sure—that truth triumphs and will prevail. I recollect what German thought and scholarship were when Schleiermacher, heretic as he was, began to rebuke heresy and to shame unbelief. I recall what Anglicans were when Hugh James Rose blew the trumpet that drew Pusey back from Rationalism and started the great Catholic revival which has been felt through all Christendom and which has made the Anglican Church a beacon-light to Greeks and Latins and to thousands among the Reformed; extending her missionary work over all the earth, and giving her a geographical catholicity which even Athanasius

never dreamed of as a possibility. Germany itself, in our days, has become the ally of Nicene orthodoxy: her presses burst out with new wine—with the outcome of fruits of a Christian scholarship, which more and more is of the pure flavour and of the essential spirit of the Gospel. In a word, while it is true that the enemy comes in like a flood, it is not less true that the Spirit of the Lord has uplifted a standard against him. The Faithful Promiser has not disappointed us. The day is at hand when “the vile person shall no more be called *liberal*.” Let us “contend earnestly for the Faith once delivered to the saints”: the Spirit of the Lord will accomplish the rest.

Do not misunderstand me. I am not affecting to despise the forces of the enemy. These forces were never so respectable as now; for they come to us not only in sheep’s clothing, but with much of the temper and external character that is

borrowed from the flock of Christ. Moreover, they are armed with weapons that Christianity has put into their hands; for science is born of Christian enlightenment, and has never existed in a flourishing and progressive estate, save only in Christian lands and schools. These weapons they turn against the Queen of Sciences, but only by feint and stratagem, never in the fair encounter of liberal conflict; for he only is "liberal" who meets us with fact for fact, and with logic for logic. I affirm and will show that such "liberals" as captivate the popular mind rarely tell the whole truth; they assume what is not proved; they supply "missing links" by imagination; they sneer where they cannot refute, and boast of victory before their field is won. And yet among those who do all this are men of real science and of mental powers the most astute. They are honest, too, for they first victimize themselves and are captivated by their own wit

and ingenuity. Besides, they have on their side many prestiges of a period unexampled for brilliant enterprise and discovery, which the popular mind cannot but wonder at and admire to intoxication. When physical truths are demonstrated of which philosophy never dreamed before, how easy to assume that moral and spiritual experiments are equally sure to revolutionize the convictions of all men and to dethrone the Faith of ages! Young men catch at this idea and adopt it practically. Impatient and headstrong, they inebriate themselves with the caprices of the moment, and imagine that it is a brave thing to doubt, to reject, to cavil, and even to blaspheme. They forget that it is heroic in such a crisis to say, "I believe"; to stand by the old flag and dare to defend it; to say, "Under this standard all that is light and truth has been won for mankind, and never will I desert it while there are yet battles to be fought and many fortresses to

be captured, before there can be any claim for surrender at discretion."

I recognize that such conflicts are before us. We must anticipate surprise, and wounds, and temporary defeats. Difficulties will be startling, and nothing but slow and patient investigation will overcome them. Experts in physics and experts in criticism will be needed to match and overmatch and master the apparent discoveries that will overthrow the faith of some. So it was when Copernicus and Galileo restored the true ideas of the universe, which science for two thousand years had stolen away from the intellectual world, through the most marvellous system of false philosophy that was ever framed by human invention. In alliance with processes truly scientific so contrived as to look like demonstration, and which solved many scientific problems, it was yet "all false and hollow." Alphonso of Castile sadly reproached the Maker of the universe for the clumsy work which,

nevertheless, as a man of science, he accepted for reality. It was science which fettered the Church itself by these false dogmas; with which men of science, emancipated by Copernicus, a presbyter of Latin Christendom, now charge the Church as at fault, because the court of Rome anathematized the true science and persecuted Galileo. But when was the court of Rome authorized to speak for Christendom? Or when did the Church Catholic ever dogmatize in such matters? I say, then, just as faithful men were troubled when the Christian priest Kopernik restored truth and prostrated false science which scientists had maintained for ages in the teeth of what Pythagoras had taught and even Cicero had theoretically stated,¹ so now great scientific truths will seem to shake the spheres above and the earth under our feet, but will lead to deeper study of Holy Scripture, and will bring forth, out of

¹ See Note I.

Scripture, "things new and old," harmonizing both and confirming all. He is only half a believer who is afraid of anything that can be proved, no matter by whom; no matter where, in heaven, earth, or the spaces beneath the earth. One thing is proved beyond conjecture, and has survived all assaults of philosophic unbelief, and that is the revealed knowledge and wisdom of God, and of Christ who is the Rock of Ages. This the Christian knows, and on this he is planted, come what will and prove what men may. They will prove many things which appear to contradict this theorem; but be patient. Known truth cannot conflict with any known truth. If there be conflict, it is because there is a lie somewhere, and we Christians know where the lie is sure to be found. Give us time, and it will be exposed. Meantime, "none of these things move us." We "know whom we have trusted," and we know what we have intrusted to Him. I

profess before God and man, that all that is demonstrated in what is called "modern thought" is to me a source of perpetual delight and a confirmation of my faith. In short, many difficulties are removed by the true science of our age, and afford help to my mind and to my ministry. I could multiply details; but, in a word, all that is the characteristic progress of our times only goes to elucidate much that was, even recently, hard to credit in the books of the old prophets. "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Who could have foreseen the amazing fulfilment of this promise concerning the latter day, as it has been realized in our own lifetime? "Ethiopia shall *with a sudden start* stretch forth her hands unto God." That is the promise. And look at what is going on in the Dark Continent, opened to the Gospel and to civilization all at a bound. When Humboldt's "Cosmos" appeared, it was credited as the ripe fruit of all modern dis-

covery. If much of it has already been thrown aside as mere lumber for college garrets, why should we hastily commit ourselves to what is yet theoretical in the works of Huxley and Darwin? But if otherwise, then it goes further than theology has ever ventured, to prove that this earth is to be burned up; that the great catastrophe may be near at hand; that if delayed, it is, as St. Peter affirms, because it is "kept in store" by the word and power of God, "reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men." Chemistry and geology alike refute nothing Biblical, but confirm many startling sayings of the Master and of His Apostles. In optics and acoustics we find demonstrations of some of the most mysterious revelations of Scripture, inexplicable till now; and electricity and magnetism go far to show how readily, by known powers of nature, iron may be made to swim; or how, by using preternatural, not strictly

supernatural forces, the body of our Lord might have sustained itself walking upon the waves of Gennesareth.¹

It is time that I should meet your thoughts by acknowledging that I can do little in two or three lectures, necessarily thrown into a popular form, toward accomplishing what only can be done by technical processes, to which only the expert is equal—what should be done, in short, upon a scale of expansive research, with exhaustive analysis, and with logic the most elaborate and inexorable. This is obviously out of the question; what, then, can I hope to do? I think I can show you grounds for my own settled convictions, and reasons why nobody should be in a hurry to commit the bark in which his life and his soul are the freight to the foaming currents of contemporary theory; to the peril of rocks that underlie their floods, and of cataracts into which they may project the advent-

¹ See Note II.

urer. I can show you that "modern thought" is, in fact, somewhat stale, coming to us, as it does, from two centuries of perpetual experiment, which warn us, like all experience, that speculations of one generation have frequently been exploded by the next, and laughed at by all that have followed.

I propose to present you with a brief survey of times and teachers, which it will be well for you to examine and refute if you can, before you adopt what happens to be popular just now. When you arrive at the conclusion that after ages of commotion nothing has been reached upon which thinking men are willing to unite, so far as it seems to conflict with the Nicene Faith,¹ perhaps you will be wise enough to draw the very practical conclusion to "hold fast that which is good" until something better is tried and demonstrated as a proper substitute for the Gospel and the Church.

¹ See Note III.

“Modern thought,” so called, has assumed two positions as its base, which remain to be proven. A Christian knows they never can be proven against the Revelation which has stood all tests and survived all attacks directed against it from such assumptions. Here they are:

I. No genuine prophecy of future events has ever been uttered, or can be made, in the nature of things.

II. Miracles, or supernatural interruptions of nature, are impossible in the law and order of the universe, and cannot be established by testimony.

Bear these assumptions in mind, and, as believers in revealed religion, follow me in my survey of their history. They are not modern, in reality, but are revived in our times, like rusty iron furnished with a new edge, the advances of science supplying the pretext that it is a modern implement. David Hume made the most of such a weapon in the last century; but it is note-

worthy that Lord Herbert of Cherbury, whose theism was the original of deistical unbelief in England, introduced his argument against Revelation by claiming for it a supernatural attestation.¹ He declares that Almighty God, by a miracle, approved His work against Christianity, and wishes us to believe that his mission was accredited by exceptional seals alike of prophecy and miracle, by which he is authorized to deny that such seals were awarded to the prophets and evangelists. Such is the credulity into which God permits men to fall when they deliberately renounce "the faith of reason."

Theism, of the less ignoble sort, is as old as Greek philosophy, where it was not ignoble, because it pointed to the dawning of the better day. Pantheism is the germinal thought of the Brahmins, Agnosticism of the Epicureans, as Pessimism is of the Buddh-

¹ Leland's "Views of Deistical Writers," p. 20. Ed. London, 1837.

ists; and "modern thought," so called, only revives these spectres of the night. Reaching no result, and demonstrating naught but its own impotency, it falls back on a nude deism which denies the "supernatural," but affirms nothing intelligible by which unbelief can be united and organized. Its creed is reducible to "I know nothing," and that is all that is credible in its professions. Thank God, we Christians do know something, and are able to confirm our ancient Faith by all that is true and reasonable in "modern thought" itself.

But let us go back to Irenæus and Hippolytus, and we may add Epiphanius; to their museum of old and exploded antagonisms. There you find the *genera* and *species* of all unbelief and misbelief, the brood and swarm of reptile and insect, which came out of the heart of Simon Magus and out of the mouth of Elymas the Sorcerer. If not scientifically classified and labelled by these grand old masters, yet preserved

they are for inspection; as one finds in curiosity-shops "the alligator stuffed," or the "dried beetle with a pin stuck through him." Examine them carefully, and there you find "modern thought" as Christians met it two thousand years ago. The Emperor Julian himself accepted defeat when he honestly gave up all pretence to be a Christian and professed a philosophical heathenism, varnished with a dilute morality which he stole from the Galilean of Nazareth—from Him whom he hated and would not name as the Christ, preferring Jupiter and Venus to the Light of the world.

Nevertheless, we may meet "modern thought" on its new arena, disguised as "science," and professing the ancient antagonism under this mask of new learning. It gives the Christian grand advantages: for (1) it is yet the same old Antichrist, over and over again despoiled of the armour in which he trusted; and (2) it is,

after all, the same old field on which we have engaged him before. Prove (1) one unquestionable prophecy out of Daniel against a modern Porphyry, and away goes the whole rabble of railers against the supernatural. Establish (2) a single miracle like that of which the conversion of Saul of Tarsus is the indelible demonstration, and the supernatural is enthroned where no pretext of philosophy can shake it; nay, where science itself may be invoked to aid it by its confessed limitations, such as are pointed at by the common sense of Shakespeare's axiom, "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

In ultimate analysis you will find nothing new in all that now confronts us. It is not surprising that Narcissus is carried away with self-admiration, as he surveys himself in the brilliant surface of our times, a period in which the inventive genius of mankind has surpassed itself and multiplied its mar-

vels, examples of stupendous achievements. We have confessed that in this spirit of natural vain-glory multitudes of clever and scientific scholars have arrayed themselves against Christ and the Word of His Truth. Such opponents—we repeat it—are to be antagonized only by minds with a passion for research similar to theirs; by attainments equal, if not superior; by a candour the most fearless in admitting a difficulty; and by a patience of investigation sharply in contrast with the rash anticipations of those who, while many links remain to be supplied, proclaim mere theory as if it were demonstrated fact. Men who revere scientific truth, and who hold divine truth so firmly that they rely upon all truths as its helpers, are the only adherents of the Gospel whose vigour of faith fits them to be its defenders. But as for the menaces of the present moment, we may say not only, “None of these things move us,” but that there is a Providence which has permitted

the transient evil to ensure a lasting good. Our faith has become indolent and supine. Samson has dallied and slept, and the Philistines are upon him. We are in need of a shaking, and of an awakening to greater works than have been attempted for ages. Perhaps we must be prepared for persecutions. I am not ashamed to avow my belief that ours is the "latter day"—whatever that may include or imply, about which I have nothing to say at present. If it is the age when "knowledge is increased," it is also the age of anarchy, such as agrees with what is said of the final Antichrist, that "Lawless One." It is the age when perilous times have come; when many depart from the faith, when iniquity abounds and the love of many grows cold. In short, it is an age answering, in every particular, to those prophecies of unregulated Democracy which breed the awful consequences described by St. Paul. Look at his frightful portraiture, to which every

day's report in the journalism of Europe and America supplies the comment.¹ "Even as they did not like to retain *God in their knowledge*, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, . . . being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, *haters of God*, spiteful, proud, boasters, *inventors of evil things*, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, *without natural affection*, implacable, unmerciful. . . . Because that, when they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools."² True, St. Paul is here describing the former heathenism with which he was then contending, but not less does

¹ Romans i. 28. Note IV.

² Note also II. Tim. iii., the entire chapter.

he identify it with the great apostasy of the last days—a return to just such heathenism. I say, then, that Providence is (1) awakening our energies to fresh investigations of Scriptural truth, as sustained by all true science, and with light of science capable of yielding new confirmations to God's Holy Word. At the same time, He practically prepares us for (2) the final ordeal through which the world is soon to pass.

I proceed from the Catholic standpoint to a survey of "modern thought," its origin, and its performances, from which it will appear that (1) there is nothing in the present outbreak that differs radically from what had been encountered in the two centuries preceding our own; (2) that these ages have yielded all that is real and substantial in their consequences to the undeniable triumph and spread of the Gospel; and (3) that all of the past which lends itself to any species of unbelief has bred the

decay of nations and the most intolerable evils in society, or has reduced itself to nonentity and fruitless Pessimism. It has constructed nothing; confessedly, the equation of its outcome is zero.

Observe the workings of Providence in modern history, which dates from a century of preparations that ended with the world-awakening discovery of America. Separated from the Mother Church of the Orient by the creation of the Papacy, under Nicholas I., the churches of Europe, even under this yoke, maintained the Nicene Faith, the Apostolic Episcopate, and much of their respective *autonomies*. The waking up of men and nations forced upon Europe the convulsions of Luther and Calvin; and the reactionary work of Laynez, at the Council of Trent, produced a corresponding novelty, the so-called "Roman Catholic Church." This was the product of Laynez after seventeen years of incubation, during which the opposition of

older bishops was stifled, because as they died they were replaced by more servile men. These did what Laynez inspired, what the Vatican commanded. Luther and Calvin were not more really the creators of new sects than this wily Laynez. As Quinet observes, the Council of Trent changed everything, without calling attention to the revolution effected by its work.¹ Its constituent members did not themselves comprehend what they had done, till all was over. The creed of Pius IV. and its new catechism supersedes Catholicity in Western Europe. The great councils of antiquity are ignored and their anathemas despised. Aristotle is made a dogmatist, and neutralizes the whole succession of Biblical doctors, from Clement of Alexandria to St. Bernard. Syllogism supplies the place of testimony. With a new creed and catechism, behold a new Church. The historic Episcopate is abolished, the name

¹ Note V.

only being retained. The three holy orders are pronounced to be those of "presbyters, deacons, and subdeacons." Bishops are only a grade in the hierarchy—the Pope is universal bishop. Diocesan bishops are merely his vicars—presbyters endowed with his functions for local uses, but possessing no Episcopal character of their own under Christ, or derived immediately from Him. The Bible itself is revolutionized: the Apocrypha is made canonical Scripture, and the Latin Vulgate, while yet in flux, and with its text wholly unsettled, is made equivalent to the inspired Hebrew and Greek.¹ Practically worse than all, the Society of Laynez is made the governing synod of Latin Christendom. For three hundred years the voice of the Western Church is unheard in councils.² The Jesuit is supreme: pontiffs reign but cannot rule, save as the "Black Pope" directs. But, as was observed, this stupendous change is

¹ Note VI.

² Note I.

silently imposed. The "White Pope" subserves the purposes of the scene; another pulls the wires, but he gesticulates and utters a voice. The Latin Mass is not changed, and the people, who see only their old forms of worship, are unconscious of their new position. In contrast with the sects of Luther and Calvin, they imagine theirs is the "Old Church." Under this mask of antiquity, the Jesuits began to operate upon Germany with masterly effect. Ranke tells the story, but he knows little of Catholicity and fails to penetrate the secret of what was done. For the continent of Europe had discarded its familiarity with antiquity, and Laynez had broken with the Fathers not less really than Luther and Calvin. The devastating wars that followed obliterated all the ancient landmarks. The very idea of such a Church as was recognized by the Nicene Creed perished in these conflicts. The human intellect was at sea once more, without chart or

compass. The outraged mind and conscience of nations were frenzied to insanity. The Gallicans struggled heroically, for a time, to revive the ancient constitutions and to harmonize the new religion with the creed of antiquity.¹ Bossuet, with Titanic energy, forced the modern system to accept, at least in France, rejected shreds of Catholicity, as understood by all its doctors and Fathers. The school of Port Royal strove to preserve the morality of the Sermon on the Mount and the love of Christ as the bases of Christian character. Pascal and the Arnaulds, with Fleury and others of kindred genius, carried on this holy war, till their houses were razed to the ground and their dead torn from their graves. Jesuits no longer wore their mask, but proudly disclosed "the hand of Joab" in their triumph over the Church of the Gauls. It was the voice of Rehoboam's counsellors once more: "The pontiffs have chastised

¹ See views of Leibnitz, in Quinet, *ut supra*.

you with whips, but we will chastise you with scorpions."

In Germany, while Rome laughed at the impotency of inorganic Faith to resist their invasion, they drove the frantic mind of a new generation into scepticism. Spinoza had forced it to assume a philosophic form, such as fascinates men who are halting between two opinions. And thus we reach the sources of what has created the devastations of irreligion for two centuries in continental Europe. The Faith of the Gospel, the Creed and Church Unity had been wrecked and forfeited alike by Luther and Calvin and Laynez. There was nothing left for drowning men but the individualism of "save himself who can." And each, grappling something that floated in the billows, if he escaped to land, proceeded to shape it into an idol, and to commend it to mankind as the solution of all problems in the mystery of human life.

Out of Sheol, Annas and Caiaphas seemed to have stirred up this Jew Spinoza to avenge them upon Saul of Tarsus: for whereas the "Reformers" of Latin Christendom had accepted St. Paul, expounded by St. Augustine, as at once their philosopher and doctor, his name was supreme with their disciples. But it had become identified with a new scholasticism, and was so entangled with metaphysics that "modern thought" was already conceived and born. Spinoza turned the "Reformation" into scepticism by refinements upon the ideas of Descartes, who had broken with Aristotle and his early Jesuit teachers. The era of interminable speculation was thus begun, and the evolution of "isms," in serial forms, was inevitable. The massive energies of Leibnitz stimulated imitations, and minds the most ignoble vied with men of lofty aspirations to make themselves lawgivers and to settle religion upon philosophic foundations. At such an epoch, the

boast of "illumination"—the philosophy of enlightenment—comes down to the masses only in the form of negations, and through the instrumentality of superficially clever talkers and looser thinkers. Of these, he is the most popular who denies the most, and is the loudest and most arrogant in his assumptions. Especially is he successful if his philosophy is a disguised sensualism, and his creed "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." To revert to old paganism is its plan, but its policy is to dress it up and set it forth as Thought. Given a materializing Berlin—or, perhaps I should say, a sentimental Boston or a Mammon-worshipping New York—retribution visits such a place from an insulted Creator, as of old when He said, "I also will choose their delusions."¹ Thus Divine Wisdom permits some adventurer to attract the unwary by the defiant impudence of his "doubts"; by his boldness in

¹ Isaiah lxvi. 4.

attacking everything that good men believe, and practically outraging all that they love and cherish as truth. So, while the earnestly religious enquirer draws back from perilous conclusions, these find their time and place, because they have no scruples. As, for example, when Wolff had stirred up attention and patronage at Halle, Berlin was ready for practical illumination by somebody less unlike itself. The Lord left them to their lusts, and they sold themselves to Nicolai, whom they conceived to be the consummate flower of German "illumination." He was but a looking-glass, in fact, in whom they saw Self reflected—in all their caprices and tastes and fashions; so that in crying *him* up they simply adored *themselves*. By examining such a personage, one gets the measure of his followers. An eminent German¹ of our own times has thus described

¹ Dr. Kahnis, "German Protestantism," p. 44. Edinburgh translation, ed. 1856

him: "He was a bookseller who had excelled in no single branch of science, and yet he sat in judgment upon all the departments of literature, in one of its most flourishing periods. A man of average intellect, without productive power, with the education of a *dilletante*, he had the arrogance to pass sentence upon all the creations of genius. A man of wholly unphilosophical mind, but skilled in the use of bold and unscrupulous argument, he ridiculed the philosophy of its German masters." Posturing as the Coryphæus of a loftier "Protestantism," he actually became the original of what more learned men have lifted into a "higher criticism." He dared most and went furthest. Hence, he became such a power that even Fichte felt called not only to recognize him, but to break this butterfly on his remorseless wheel.

Fichte says: "His *Protestantism* was simply a protestation against all truth;

against all that is above our senses, and against every form of religion that finds its end of controversy in faith. To him, religion was by no means a matter of heart and life; it was only such education of the head as might furnish him with materials of never-ending talk. His freedom of thinking was freedom from all that was, and is, *Thought*: the licentiousness of empty rumination, without substance and without aim. Liberty of judgment"—pray listen to this—"was, with him, the right of every bungler and ignorant man to give his opinion about everything, whether he understood it or not, and whether or not there was either head or tail in what he said."¹ Have not just such characters been seen among us—claiming "all the brains" and posing as the apostles or martyrs of "modern thought"?

When Leipzig was in its glory, two of its most brilliant illuminators fell into a

¹ Quoted by Kahnis, p. 45, *ut supra*.

quarrel—never mind about what, for it only meant “who should be greatest.” So the retributive justice of a wise Providence gave Leipzig, also, its fool for measurement; and as Leipzig merited something not quite so paltry as had sufficed for Berlin, its “philosophers” found their mental and moral metre in Bahrtdt. If this man was of larger intellectual calibre than Nicolai, he proved immeasurably worse in morals. He was a clever boy when he listened to the words and wit of Crusius and Ernesti, then dividing between them the admiration of the University.¹ He espoused the more orthodox party of the former, but only to migrate to that of Ernesti when it better suited his supreme devotion to himself. Ernesti, the well-known Ciceronian critic, was perhaps the first practical author of the now dominant maxim that “the Bible must be treated like any other book.” But Bahrtdt was so apt

¹ Kahnis, p. 131; but also, p. 119.

a scholar that he put it to its ultimate test, anticipating in his subsequent career the history of "higher criticism." He mounted a pulpit, where his *aerobating* and *periphronizing* could only be depicted by Aristophanes himself. He was lifted by the Athenian passion of the day into the chair of a professor. Erfurt received him after Leipzig, and Bahrdt succeeded Luther in that field which Luther's piety had ennobled, only to demonstrate what had been the product of Luther's fatal mistakes. He still professed to be a Lutheran, but he owns that when he deserted Crusius his Lutheranism was professed with mental reservations. And so he soon boasted that Ernesti had supplied him with an "immovable foundation" for open unbelief, by bringing theology to the touchstone of philology and reason. Very logically, therefore, he makes himself a libertine; and while lecturing on exegesis and divinity, in this stage of his advance, he began

to enlighten the world by a new "Biblical system of doctrine." One by one he renounced all tokens of faith and worship, and yet felt himself qualified to produce a fresh translation of the Gospels and Epistles, which he reduced, as Goethe sarcastically remarked, to "romance and familiar correspondence." Yet he found admirers and hearers, even among those who decorated him with the title of "the rake-hell professor." When, at last, he was generally voted a nuisance, he fled into Prussia, the centre of "Illuminism," where he shook off, in rags and tatters, the last remnant of his faith, announcing his discovery that the Scriptures were merely "a human production." Let his followers of our times claim no credit for reaching this same conclusion. Bahrddt was their shining original. He called his system "naturalism," but condescended to associate himself with Moses and the Divine Redeemer as an "instrument of Providence"; adding, "precisely

as I regard Confucius, Luther, Semler, and —Myself!" He died the victim of his licentiousness; and hardly was he in his grave when the Reign of Terror, the fruit of "naturalism" as expounded by Rousseau, broke out in France. Prussia, where Frederick had sown the wind, was destined to reap the whirlwind. Bahrdt had only figured as a stormy-petrel heralding the tempest.

Here let me go back to the corresponding history of unbelief in France, with a glance at its influence upon Germany. While we must praise God for the power of that truly Catholic Restoration, which saved England from the awful apostasies which have predominated in continental Europe, we cannot sufficiently appreciate our blessings without studying in contrast the co-operative tendencies of the systems of Luther, Calvin and Laynez to develop unbelief in its most practical and destructive forms.

Voltaire, perhaps with a grim irony, concludes the *Henriade* with the lame and impotent surrender of his hero's faith: an act which cancels the claim of that prince to the surname of "Great," and which has borne fruits of incalculable bitterness for his dynasty and for unhappy France. How different would have been French history had he made common cause with the Queen of England, by treating the Trent Council as an insult to human intelligence, and restoring the ancient doctrine and discipline of Catholicity.¹ Most respectfully did the court of France listen to Theodore Beza while he enforced the necessity of reforms; but when he was asked, *What, then, should be done?* he could give no satisfactory answer.² Had he pointed across the Channel and said, "Let us restore the Catholicity of the primitive centuries, as they have done in Britain," he would have been the greatest benefactor of Latin Europe that

¹ Note VII.

² Note VIII.

has arisen since the days of Irenæus and Pothinus. Contrast the last three centuries of French history with the same period in England.

The story of Port Royal is one of the most instructive in modern annals; would it were better understood! To the intrigues, the perfidy, and the cruelty of the Jesuits is due their triumph over the school of Pascal. In accomplishing it, like those reptiles which destroy themselves while inflicting their venom upon a victim, they involved their society and their country in a common desolation. Out of their school came forth Voltaire, trained alike to his frivolity by their laxity of morals, and to his exterminating hate by their fanatical persecution of godliness and devotion in such examples as those of the Arnaulds, of Quesnel, and, in short, of all the Jansenists. It was not difficult for their disciple to practise the same artifices against all who truly loved Jesus Christ. To what had not the

State religion been degraded when a Massillon could consent to lay hands on the most dissolute of court favorites, making a bishop and a successor to Fénélon of a licentious infidel, the infamous Dubois! This man, the companion and confederate of Voltaire, who was not even in holy orders when he was thus raised to the archbishopric of Cambrai at a single bound, is described by a contemporary, in language which nobody considers exaggerated, as a "consummate liar, in whose character all other vices—ambition, perfidy, avarice, and debauchery—wrestled for mastery." All this was notorious, yet Clement, though personally a pontiff of the better sort, made him "a prince of the Church," his own councillor as cardinal, and his possible successor in the Papacy.¹ Does anybody wonder at what followed, or at all the

¹ The Abbé Guettée describes Dubois as "un des êtres les plus vils qui aient déshonoré l'humanité."—"L'Eglise de France," vol. xi., p. 345.

atheism which afflicts France to the present moment?¹ It was this that bred her encyclopædists, and, through them, her Dantons and her Robespierres.

In an evil hour, Frederick invited Voltaire into Prussia, to figure at once as the court favorite and the court fool—for he condescended to accept both positions, and to merit them alike by his servile flatteries and his shameless misuse of wit and cleverness. It was he that made irreligion fashionable among the grave and serious countrymen of Luther and Melanchthon. But Frederick, who inflicted this terrible wound upon the social life of his people, was not less guilty when he recalled Wolff to Prussia, and to a professorship—from which his stern old father had ejected him, banishing him, “bag and baggage,” from the kingdom on two days’ notice, by hur-

¹ It has been recently proved that the Roman Church in France has no real hold on more than two millions of her people.

ried compliance with which he barely escaped the gallows. To requite him for such hard usage, the junior Frederick made him a nobleman; thus assuring the universities that a claim to promotion, in his day, should be no other teachings, from a professor's chair, than such as shake alike men's convictions of morality and of the revealed Truth of God.

The mention of Wolff recalls what I have said of Nicolai and Bahrdt, and makes it proper for me to refer to the historic pages of Ueberweg, or of Schwegeler, for the less ignoble workings of "philosophy," in the progress of scepticism and finally for its arrest. Why have I not directed attention to the shining names which might thus be recollected? I answer, you may study them in works devoted to their labours;¹ but my aim is to be practical, and I have pointed to the fact that it is not such men who make themselves felt by the masses

¹ See Note IX.

in any country. They use "great swelling words," and appeal to scholars in behalf of their theories, which are generally mingled with cautions or diluted with ambiguities. It is not Crusius nor Ernesti, nor the schools of Leipzig and Tübingen, that have leavened the popular thought of Germany. "Modern thought" was popularized by inferior men. That has been the work of mere talkers—of Quixotic knights-errant, who have gratified the people like mountebanks at country fairs; or of professional preachers, panting for applause, and translating, into the dialect of the superficial or the vulgar, ideas gleaned at second-hand from more prudent theorists, whom it delighted them to surpass in audacity, forcing their maxims to ultimate issues. Such men never point out the fact that the masters whom they quote may be interpreted, not infrequently, as giving their oracles an obscurity of form and phrase, in order to prompt us to understand their deeper con-

victions in the times which they foresaw and in which our own lot is cast. For nothing is more true than that even German philosophy has been working towards truth and towards the renovation of Faith, steadily and progressively, from the day of Kant to the present period, when Hegel is claimed by not a few believers as furnishing them with texts for the rebuke of irreligion.¹ For myself, I find no help in them. There is no need of reconstructing the faith of Clement and Athanasius.² Yet one delights to observe that when a crazy unbelief has exhausted itself, men cannot return to soberness without an advance toward belief. After Schleiermacher,³ Germany began to talk seriously about man in his moral faculties and his immortal aspirations. This begets high thinking and a movement of our spiritual nature Godward. It is impossible for any

¹ See Note X.² See Note XI.³ See Note XII.

man to delight in the idea of God, save as He has revealed Himself in Christ crucified and risen again. So comes back not only the smothered instinct that reaches forth to the Unseen, but a developing capacity for Faith and for searching the Scriptures in love and with holy hope. Depend upon it, the very men who boast themselves as progressive and advanced are priding themselves upon their possession of ideas which are but fragments of exploded "Illuminism." They mistake their epoch, and are drifting backward in its muddy shallows, while the grand current of philosophy, of learning, of research, and of civilization rolls on to flood the earth with light and truth, "as the waters cover the sea."

The consequences of "Illuminism" in France need only be pointed at: they appall mankind. Let us observe their less noted effect upon the phlegmatic and more serious Teutons. "That religious spirit which imparts stability to a Christian peo-

ple," says Kahnis, "had altogether perished in the age of *Illuminism*. . . . From its spirit, which waged war with all that had been handed down, Austria and Prussia had reaped destruction."

Frederick himself trembled at the prospects of what he began to foresee when his last days darkened around him, often prompting him to suicide. At the close of the Seven Years' War, smothering his chagrin, he thus gives vent to his forebodings: "May Heaven preserve the sovereigns who shall govern this country from the scourges and calamities which Prussia had suffered in these times of trouble and subversion." Did he fail to recognize the subversion of his people's faith as the root of all their troubles? And for that, whom had he to thank but himself? The severe Calvinism of his father—who was a Cromwell in his way—had imparted to the troops he created a spirit of subordination and discipline that amazed all men; but

when the veterans of those first armies of his son had fallen in the victories they won for their king, the reinforcements by which he endeavoured to replace them were found incapable of the old drill and corps-spirit. His loose example had leavened the new generation. He found them deficient in manhood. They lacked upward aspirations, and hence were devoid of character such as delights in discipline and develops strength. They went into battles half demoralized before they fired a gun. The vertebrate vigour of their parents had given way under the corrosions of doubt. What was the world to come for them? What was their Fatherland? Why should they be soldiers for a few *kreuzers* per week? Why die for anything?

Kahn credits poor Frederick with natural remorse when he became sensible of this. Carlyle remarks: "He cannot now do Leuthens and Rossbachs for shining feats of victory that astonish all the world.

His fine Prussian veterans have mostly perished, replaced by new levies of troops inferior both in discipline and *native quality*." Let us go back to Leuthen, a battle, for Prussia's part in it, the most brilliant of any since the great Gustavus, and not surpassed till the sun of Austerlitz rose for Napoleon. It illustrates what has been said of the contrast between the old troops and the new, and, with abbreviations and condensations, I shall let Carlyle describe it in his own graphic way. He is relating how the diminished and exhausted army, of which his veteran corps was not only the body but the soul, moved into action on a field where five thousand were to die, or to lie in mortal agonies before nightfall. The king had ordered that this movement should be made in solemn silence—no sound but their tramp and the measure of music by which they marched. For a time this was accomplished by men who confronted almost certain death with the nerve

of principle and religious feeling. This had elevated their military character far above that of Roman legions—those embodiments of brute energy or mechanical force. Every man was a hero, fired by love to his Fatherland and a sense of duty to his commander and his God. Carlyle adopts the testimony of an eye-witness: “Their steadiness, their swiftness and exactitude were unsurpassable. All flowed on as if in a review, and you could read in the eyes of our brave troops the noble temper they were in. . . . From the column nearest the king—which was to be first in line and to receive the immediate shock of the action—he heard, all at once, the sound of Psalmody—the many-voiced harmony of a church-hymn well known to Frederick in his youth. It had broken out among those otherwise silent men, the band accompanying.” Here is one stanza that Frederick recognized, as it went forth on the still air from those heroes, their sonorous throats

giving full effect to every rugged German word :

“ Grant that with zeal and skill
This day I do
hat me to do behooves,
What Thou command'st me to :
Grant that I do it sharp,
At point of movement fit,
And when I do it, grant
Me good success in it ! ”

Carlyle says : “ He has heard the voice of many waters ; has paused on the mountains, hearkening to the far-off Psalms of the Scottish Covenanters ; but a voice like this, breaking the silence of severest discipline at such a terrible moment, few have ever heard, before or since.”

An officer, no doubt a martinet, spurs forward and accosts the king.

Officer : “ Shall I put a stop to this, your Majesty ? ”

The King : “ By no means—by no means.”

He felt for a moment the sublime emo-

tions of religion, and he felt not less how much it imported for him, and for the fortunes of the day. After a solemn pause of reflection, turning to one of his generals, Frederick spoke again.

The King: "With men like these don't you think I shall have victory to-day?"

Carlyle continues: "His hard heart seems to have been touched, as it well might be. Indeed, there was in him, in those grim days, a tone as of trust in the Eternal; as of real religion, piety, and faith, scarcely noticeable in his history elsewhere: his religion—and *in withered forms* he had a good deal of it—being, almost always, in a voiceless state. Nay, it was ultra-voiceless—or voiced the wrong way, as is well known."

So speaks Carlyle.¹ And now I ask, Is there no lesson here which Americans need to lay to heart in these days? Is our

¹ "Life of Frederick," vol. vi., pp. 53, 183, 192. Ed. Boston, 1884.

epoch to learn nothing from the experiences of the past—nothing from the history of peoples? Should our Washingtons or Lincolns give place even to Fredericks or to Napoleons, is it likely that the change will be for any lasting good to the Republic? Is not our epoch surcharged with elements out of which may break, at any moment, the overthrow of law and social order? To such outbreaks republics have ever been subject, and they generally entail a chronic series of convulsions which no republic can survive. Let us be sure that many whom men of culture and good taste are content to let alone, as unworthy even of their rebuke, are yet formidable tribunes of the populace. They peddle their blasphemies as popular lecturers or scientific sciolists. They scatter firebrands among combustibles, and Death and Hell ride after them. Let the youth of our Republic study France, just before and after Mirabeau opened the States-General, and say where

they would have cried a halt to such *progress* as the encyclopædists had begun. It may be of practical use to them before long in America. Let them halt betimes.

For the period of German renovation, and its encouraging promise for the future, I may refer you to Kahnis; or it may be sufficient to remind you of such names as those of Neander, Tholuck, Hengstenberg, Olshausen, Stier, the heavenly-minded Auberlen, and in our own day the profoundly learned Delitzsch; better than all these the truly primitive and scriptural Döllinger, and the great school of the rising Old Catholics.¹ But while the upward struggles of these noble examples prove that God has not forsaken those who represent the Ages of Faith; while they point to a glorious future of Catholic restoration, in which the Anglican Church is called to bear so glorious a part, and in which all her true sons will be found pressing forward,

¹ See Note XIII.

as one man, under the Cross of Christ—what is more encouraging than the decrepitude of rationalism, in the direct line of its history, now perishing in “Pessimism”? Amid startling flashes of apparent revival in England and Holland, we may learn to regard them as momentary reactions merely. For phenomena precisely similar flashed forth in Germany at the moment of her renovation and revival, and they only stimulated greater and better movements to development and triumphant advance.

The logical and historic outcome of the “modern thought” we have traced through two centuries is found indeed in “Pessimism,” the scornful and contemptuous school of Schopenhauer, which stands like the “Old Guard” at Waterloo, with beastly language on its lips, but daring to perish for a lost cause. “Come on, you cowards,” they say to men who have gone with them to the gulfs pointed out by Nicolai and Bahrdt—though following

successive leaders less ignoble, and spirits less audacious—"come on, you lagging cowards; be bravely consistent with us. Hear us as we proclaim the conclusion of the whole matter: despair is our creed, and suicide our ethics. Life is not worth living; there is no hereafter; no hope, no immortality, nothing but the grave; in short—there is no God." Such is the legacy of two centuries of revolt from Revelation, after all the sweat and blood they have exacted from the image of God, in its degradation; such the last ditch into which it is dragged down by that irreversible doom of dust and ashes which loads humanity when it rejects Jesus and the resurrection. Thank God, nevertheless, for the truth of its dying groan; for the expiring breath with which it names itself superlatively bad. It justly calls itself "Pessimism": the superlative is reached; nothing can be worse.¹ Let us stand firm

¹ Note XIV.

on the Rock of Ages; let us copy the Uzzian's patience, and respond to his faith, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." We are not ashamed to sing the Nicene Creed as a song of triumph when we survey the adversary in his overthrow. So rose the hymn of Moses and the Lamb by the Red Sea, and so it is yet sung in that heaven of heavens which was unfolded to St. John in Patmos.

LECTURE II.

HIGHER CRITICISM.

IT is not to intellectual pride that God is pleased to manifest Himself in those treasures of wisdom and knowledge which are hid in Christ. It is the meek whom He promises to guide in judgment; to the lowly He reveals His way. Not that the heights or the depths of revealed truth require less than the noblest efforts of mind to accept and measurably to understand them. The grandest specimens of human intellect have been framed and fashioned by the power of the Gospel. The twain of our fellow-men who have left the deepest impression as well as the most practically useful influences upon mankind are undoubtedly Moses and St. Paul: the one as meek as he was majestic; the other as self-

abasing and humble as he was masterly and commanding. No need to contrast the grand series of men of genius who, as their disciples, have swayed the thought of ages with antagonists whom they have met, defeated, and left to ignominy, in every successive age. Here is "the Rock of Ages" on the one hand, there are the innumerable wrecks of theory and transient speculation on the other. Look on this picture and on that. What lives, what lasts, what grows, what enlightens, civilizes, refines—all this is on one side; distraction and destruction are on the other. Modern science, indeed, asserts itself as greater than Christianity, and, just now, is proud in its boastings that it supersedes the Gospel; but where is there any science except in Christendom? Who but Christians, in every age, have been pre-eminent among discoverers and masters of scientific truth? With men whose knowledge "puffed them up" what has been the comparative place of

true scientists? With Copernicus and Newton and Leibnitz and Descartes, those stars of the first magnitude, compare even such satellites as Halley and the French encyclopædists. I say, then, it is not because the grandest intellect fails to find illumination at the feet of Jesus Christ that He repels the profane and self-sufficient from discipleship in His school. It is because so sublime a Master, the Maker of all things visible and invisible, who was from Everlasting, and who upholds all things by the word of His power, cannot consistently communicate His infinite wisdom and knowledge except to those who feel themselves less than little children in His presence. Not to the "wise and prudent" in self-sufficient pride, but to those who as mere "babes" enter the school of the Ancient of Days, can His wisdom be imparted. "If any man will *do His will*, he shall know of the doctrine."

For myself, I should be a convert to the

New Testament, as the result of examining, in view of all objections, and in a full review of his personal history, the single testimony of St. Paul. I have never seen any plausible attempt to give any account of the appearance of such a character in human annals, other than that which he has given us concerning himself. It has been found utterly impossible to refute that history. Even Renan, like many others who have attempted to rob us of his epistles, gives us back enough of them to defeat his whole argument and to enable us to reconstruct the canonical text. And there the Apostle stands: a man who has left upon the nations and the ages the deepest mark, and who has impressed himself upon intelligent humanity more indelibly than any other one merely human who ever lived among men.

In recent days there appeared, in two massive quartos, a *Life of this Apostle*,¹

¹ By Conybeare and Howson, London, 1854.

which not only embodies his writings, but traces every step of his travels, sounds the waters to identify his voyages, exhibits coins and medals that confirm his story, and illustrates the fidelity of his companion St. Luke, even as to statements the most minute, or apparently accidental. When this work appeared, an English reviewer expressed himself somewhat as follows: What a phenomenon is here! A Jew of Tarsus who lived eighteen hundred years ago and was put to death ignominiously by Roman law; one, all of whose writings might be printed on two pages of a London newspaper, and who purposely had renounced all claims to fame and worldly recognition, is not the less remembered and celebrated, in all parts of the world, in the second half of this nineteenth century. And this man furnishes material for a biography like this, in costly and richly illustrated volumes; material supplied from world-wide researches; its cost advanced in view of the

world-wide interest still felt in all that pertains to his career. Yes, and the reviewer, when he speaks of this nineteenth century, might justly have added—a century so numbered and named and known in all the earth because this man lived. He forced the world to acknowledge that the era he introduced to Europe must be regarded as starting with Christ, and from Him only, as the era of regenerated humanity. Our Christian computation therefore recognizes this epoch as the most noteworthy in the history of mankind. Observe, also, that this biography of St. Paul meets a popular want. The market value of literary works is a test which our age loves to apply; and the fact is significant that thousands of money in Germany, France, and America, as well as England, have been invested by the trade in this and other contemporary works about St. Paul. Hardly had the surprise of the reviewer been expressed at the appearance of one such work, when,

behold, two more volumes, equally costly and beautiful, appeared from the English press: a work¹ not merely gleaning over a stubble-field, but gathering a fresh harvest of illustration and exposition from similar research. It expounds afresh all that is associated with the name of the great pupil of Gamaliel, of the rabid persecutor of St. Stephen and other believers, who became the converted Jew and the glorious apostle of the Gentiles. Till the "higher critics" can explain away even this class of evidences that the Gospel lives and flourishes, in spite of all that their agitations have done to extinguish it, on any other theory than that which the Gospel itself commends to their acceptance, we may calmly go on our way rejoicing that we are believers, and that we share the precious inheritance of the disciples at Antioch, who first received the name of Christians.

But it is assumed that a "higher criti-

¹ By Lewin, London, 1878.

cism " has been instituted, which is destined to revolutionize the time-honoured convictions of Christendom. What is meant by this "higher criticism"? Is it anything more than an attempt to do, in another way, what the illustrious divines of Christendom have been doing ever since the days of Clement of Alexandria? Is it meant to imply that their work is of "higher" caste than the textual criticism and work of Origen? That he stuck in the bark, while this goes to the pith of Scripture? As applied to the Bible, they give us a very confused and confusing name for a very intangible thing. No agreement seems established, as yet, as to the true definition of the term; as to its inclusiveness or its limitations; or as to the schools or the individuals who most truly and successfully represent it. I have shown that Nicolai and Bahrdt anticipated its purpose, its plan, and much that is claimed for its achievements. Its practical maxims are

(1) that the Bible must be treated like other books, and (2) that as the result of any such treatment all its reputed character disappears. But such treatment merits historical inquiry as to its origin and its methods. And what are its results?

Similar views have had their day in the field of classical literature, and it may be instructive to observe with what ill success, even there, the ignoble processes of a criticism inspired by such maxims have been attended. To take hold of any writer with whose works the world has been charmed for ages, for the purpose of degrading him, denying his existence, or disputing his authorship—is this “higher criticism”? We have been amused by the recent efforts of some to dethrone Shakespeare and to prove that Francis Bacon was the playwright who wrote what goes by Shakespeare’s name. Voltaire disdained this same Shakespeare; but, gifted as he was by nature, he was simply incapable of appreciating the lofty

genius of the Bard of Avon, and was not sufficiently educated in English to comprehend the beauty and delicacy of our language as the mighty dramatist employs it. What, then, are the detractions of his criticism worth? It is a canon of the schools that "to have an inward affinity with the material of his subject is inseparable from the character of a true critic."¹ We entrust the "Iliad" to a Gladstone, because he loves Homer, and is nobly capable of identifying himself with the spirit of so great a poet, and also of feeling, as well as weighing, idioms and words, and of imparting what he finds in the beauties of his style to minds less Homeric than his own. But look in contrast at the "higher criticism" of La Motte, who attempted to turn the "Iliad" into French verse, and to *improve it* by reducing it to a caricature, and plucking it as a cook does a fowl. His version

¹ A remark of Handeshagen, in "Auberlen on Divine Revelation," p. 294 of Edinburgh translation.

was pronounced by D'Alembert a mere skeleton of the original and a worse travesty than his criticisms; yet D'Alembert, who resents such a process when Homer is its subject, applauds the same when applied to the oracles of God.

I am reminded of Dr. Pusey's remark about "weak defenders" of the Scripture canon when I recur to the Jesuit Hardouin's defence of the "Iliad." His "Apologetics," says Mme. Dacier, "damaged Homer far more effectually than all the theories and assaults of gainsayers." Bishop Lightfoot suggests what must be the ruinous result of applying to the classics such criticism as is now inflicted upon the Law and the Prophets; but this same Hardouin tried the experiment, and started the Germans, who seldom do things by halves, upon the revolutionizing of all literature, sacred and profane, after his example. In France, Renan has but copied the formulas of Hardouin in assailing the Evangelists. The learning of

the Jesuit was as great as his use of it was insane—if indeed there was not method in his madness. He seems to have acted on a secret design to create canons of criticism which should impair the influence of the Christian Fathers; for upon them he turned the same weapons with which he affected to have destroyed almost the entire realm of Greek literature, including Aristotle and Plato.¹ He endeavoured to persuade the world that Greek monks of the thirteenth century had created most of the great works ascribed to antiquity. This idea once accepted, it was not difficult to get rid of the Ante-Nicene Fathers, and even of other Greeks whose writings refute the papacy; and thus he swept away, as he imagined, the great artillery of the Anglicans and the Gallicans, while his more immediate motive seems to have been the extirpation of Jansenism.

It should not be forgotten, moreover,

¹ Note XV.

how transient has been the apparent triumph of Niebuhr. Following in the same lines, he congratulated himself that he had entirely destroyed the received history of ancient Rome, with the credit of Livy and other noble Latin authors. Far more transient, we may be sure, will be the mockery of popular writers who scorn the New Testament and the Old without a thousandth part of Niebuhr's acumen, and with nothing of the apparent probability of his theories. Sciolists indeed are they who dream that modern critics have already abolished Holy Scripture by the methods of Hardouin turned upon prophets and apostles.¹

Perhaps we may best satisfy ourselves on such points by examining those methods in a practical way. I am so sure that multitudes who talk about this "higher criticism" have no idea of its operations that I will venture to enliven the

¹ Note XVI.

serious considerations which I am trying to enforce by a little sportive imitation of this art as it has appeared in Germany and elsewhere, in divers forms which seem to have afforded to many clever men—and to fools innumerable who laugh when bad men cavil—an apology for unbelief and for blasphemy the most wanton and offensive. It would be blasphemous indeed, and offensive to ears polite, to furnish specimens of their gross assaults upon Holy Writ. But I will adopt their ideas and their manner of criticism so far as to apply them to a work of human genius. You will recall the fine Pindaric ode of Gray, founded upon the massacre of the Welsh bards by the first Edward. It is cast into the form of prophecy, and exemplifies the root-principles of inspired prophecy when it rises into rhapsody. Isaiah, for example, when he breaks into those outlines of the far-off Gospel which everybody recognizes when he hears the sublime oratorio of the *Messiah*, seizes

upon symbols or incidents or figures which have little meaning till their force is found in the Evangelists. Yet these tokens, all assembled in the events of the Gospel, assure us that he foresaw (dimly at times, but most clearly at others) the Babe of Bethlehem, the Man of Sorrows, the crucified Redeemer, and the risen Lord and God of Christians. Now, this so-called "higher criticism" undertakes to deny the whole history of Isaiah and his writings; or, accepting these in diluted forms, it proceeds to strip his sublime lyrics of all their meaning, and to find their entire interpretation in contemporary circumstances comparatively mean and insignificant.

To proceed in like manner with Gray and his ode, let me take for example his assumed forecast of the history and fate of Richard II., with which the admirable tragedy of Shakespeare makes us familiar, just as the Gospel of St. Luke lends itself to the interpretation of Isaiah, or of the

oratorio I have mentioned. This fine imitation of Pindaric verse is known to have been the production of Thomas Gray, formerly of Pembroke College, Cambridge. Impersonating a Welsh bard, the poet in bold Pindaric strophes forecasts prophetically the lines of the Plantagenets and Tudors, and sketches very strikingly the progress of English history. There is one strophe of the ode, or a fragment at least, which I will now read with the respect due to so grand a conception of the subject:

“ Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast,
Close by the regal chair.
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon the baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray?
Lance to lance, and horse to horse.
Long years of havoc hold their destined course,
And thro’ the kindred squadrons mow their
way.”

We may divide this strophe into two parts, the first of which pictures the fate of King Richard II., who, as contemporary

writers tell us, was starved to death soon after his deposition by Bolingbroke, the first prince of the house of Lancaster. By an abrupt transition, the prophecy, in the striking passage that follows, glances in distant vision at the Wars of the Roses. These allusions, or references, may seem obscure; the transition too abrupt, passing to the wars of York and Lancaster, with nothing interposed to indicate that the vastly important reigns of Henry IV. and Henry V. intervene. But these daring liberties are taken in all rhapsodies of the kind, and beautifully harmonize with the idea of a seer, or prophet, who through the vista of ages describes, confusedly enough, as in a dream, the shifting scenes of the future, and then breaks out into utterances, like the Sibyl's, and still more confusedly pictures what he has seen in his vision. Now, that this is genuine criticism we are well assured, for Mr. Gray gave the ode to the public without notes; but when even

the learned complained of its obscurity, he supplied annotations himself. At the same time he apologized for yielding so far to the advice of friends, because (he added) "he had felt too much respect for the understanding of his readers to take that liberty," previously. And here I must remark that could that incomparable rhapsodist the prophet Isaiah rise from the dead and supply annotations to the *ninth* or the *fifty-third* chapters of his prophecy, not to speak of many others, he might say, like Mr. Gray, that with readers acquainted with the history of Jesus of Nazareth "he had too *much respect for their understanding* to imagine any annotations to be needed." In fact, he who studies Isaiah critically should know something of the odes of Pindar first; for they clearly suggest the manner of ancient poets, in their abrupt transitions, and yet more in their grasping, here and there, of symbols and minute incidents, by which they identify their subject with

“ the past, the distant, or the future.” So the Greek dramatists in their choral pieces ; and so Mr. Gray, closely imitating Pindar, throws light on the Psalmist’s prophetic rapture ; his distant view of things he did not himself understand : for example, one which disclosed a Sufferer crying out *Lama sabacthani*, with hands and feet pierced, and with His murderers “ parting His garments ” among them, and “ casting lots on His vesture.”

But now let me aspire to the dignity of “ higher criticism ” and treat Gray’s ode just as the higher critics have treated David and Daniel and Isaiah and all the prophets, who, as St. Peter tells us, “ spake beforehand of the sufferings of Christ ” in such exaltation or rapture of their faculties that they were obliged, afterward, to study and search their own writings to discover “ what and what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify.” I proceed to do entire justice to the “ higher

criticism" of the school of Strauss and Paulus, and their recent admirers in America and England, by the following treatment of a fragment of the ode we have been considering.

REVIEWAL.

These verses, as is well known, have been generally attributed to the genius of Thomas Gray, and as such are endeared to the university which glories in his name and reputation. But for the credit of the university, as well as of so excellent a poet, we think we can prove that this is a mere fiction. We shall treat them by the remorseless laws of scientific criticism, just as we would treat a less popular poem, and that in spite of a painful conviction that we shall not be thanked by the university for our fidelity to facts as they undoubtedly are. For on the face of it, this "ode" is in such absolute contrast with the style and the well-known tastes of Mr. Gray that we must present the university with this dilemma: either he never wrote the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," or he is not the author of a line of this turgid and pompous array of obscure allusions and far-fetched figures. Gray, as is well

known, was a man of fastidious tastes; a calm, contemplative genius, a master of English, delighting in country-life, and fond of lingering among graves and epitaphs, listening to the owl under ivy-mantled towers. Hence he confined himself to sweet idyllic verse, and his poetry flows like the smooth meandering Avon, in no respect like the rushing and broken rapids of the Dove, in Derbyshire. His thought is unartificial, true to nature and to his own habits of life, and takes form in expressions truly Arcadian. That this attempted imitation of the Bœotian Pindar—irregular, abrupt, cataclysmic, in short, not to say bombastic and devoid of literary merit—could possibly have proceeded from the same pen to which we owe the incomparable “Elegy,” is so preposterous that we can only liken it to the exploded fancy that the same pen wrote alike the Fourth Gospel and the Apocalypse. We have no hesitation in dismissing it as an effusion of Gray’s; in fact, we are forced to conclude with the acute Professor v. Dünkel, sustained by the profound Dr. Kopfnicker, that the occurrence of words and phrases that are not English is so frequent in the entire performance that it never could have proceeded from an educated Englishman. To this idea the keen and penetrating intellect of v. Lumpen

has lent his decisive judgment, and he cites, in corroboration, the word *hauberk*; the expressions *regal chair* and *sable warrior*; *squadron*, or a fleet, for a crowd, and the mixt figure of *mowing squadrons*, an unquestionable betrayal of the forger's performance. It occurs to him that the "ode" is a mere *cento*, so clumsily composed that the sutures, or indications of joiner-work, are self-evident to any competent critic. Some lines are less ignoble, but not one would suggest the authorship of a scholar, much less of one endowed with the accurate scholarship of Gray. The sagacious results to which, after incredible research, the authorities aforesaid have arrived, appear to us conclusive. "The Beggar's Opera" of an inferior poet, Mr. Gay, is itself made up of songs and snatches from old street-ballads; and he, most probably, in a mere moment of drollery, might have thrown off this effusion. It is a very life-like imitation of some blind beggar in London, singing under balconies, but trembling lest he should be arrested by the police. Yet it may be remarked that the names of Gray and Gay differ by a single letter only, and by a ludicrous but very natural blunder of the bookseller, if indeed it were not intentional, he was able to palm off upon the public the work of a less skilful hand as

the production of the author of the "Elegy," and to date it at a period when Gray was in the height of fashion and popularity. With these remarks, after introducing the learned annotations of Kopfnicker, we shall conclude by restoring the fragment to its original form (that of the street-ballad), only regretting that, of course, we cannot preserve the rhyme and structure of ballad versification which Gay had before him when he patched up the strophe:

I.

" Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare."

1. *Sparkling bowl.* Bowls are not used for sparkling wines. The original word was undoubtedly *steaming*, which at once suggests the bowl of hot soup craved by the appetite of a hungry *crowder*, or singer of street-ballads: see Sir Philip Sidney.

2. *Rich repast.* In mere drollery, Gay, or we may say the forger, substitutes these words for "comfortable meal," which agrees with the preceding suggestion.

II.

" Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast,
Fast by the regal chair."

3. *Reft of a crown.* Pompous words, which probably gave the first hint for the

fanciful whim that here was a poem on English historical subjects, and that this stanza intimates the death, by starvation, of some English sovereign. All this is a laughable blunder; for the original, no doubt, was a very natural lament of the beggar over the "crown" (or piece of five shillings) of which he had been "bereft," or rather robbed, in the streets. More probably the beggar had lost a half-crown only, as Dünkel ingeniously points out; for beggars rarely gather so much, and therefore *two-and-sixpence* would be the more legitimate reading, unquestionably. Robbed of this sum—the idea is—he may yet earn his bowl of soup.

4. *Fast by the regal chair.* The ingenuity of Flickschneider has decided the Masoretic controversy here against the superstition of rabbins who adhere to *close* as the true reading. We prefer his hardihood to their minute and toilsome deference for old MSS. As for *regal chair*, it is bombastic verbiage for the well-known "King's Bench"; or, as the research of one of our greatest critics has proved, the reference is to a noted chop-house near King's-Bench-Walk, Temple Gardens. The "crown" in the preceding verse suggested a reference to the *throne* in this. Nobody ever referred to the Queen's throne at West-

minster by such a phrase as "regal chair" but an American who calls his pinchbeck trinkets *Regalia*. And what but the most dogged adhesion to foregone conclusions could make any one in his senses give such a stilted phrase any higher significance than that we have assigned? Can even a fool imagine that a king of England ever ate his dinner seated on his throne—nay, *fastened* in it, as this critical text would imply? All this from a beggar's longing for his favourite seat in a London chop-house!

III.

"Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon the baffled guest."

5. *Fell Thirst and Famine scowl.* These lines are an interpolation introduced to sustain the idea of a starving prince. What have Thirst and Famine to do here, if we retain those readings *sparkling bowl* and *rich repast*? Gay's sportive wit must not be charged with this. Some forger, improving on Gay, in order to complete the whim about "King Richard and his death by starvation," has inserted it here, where it makes mere nonsense of the previous reference to rich viands and bright wines—phrases which in fact describe a surfeit. It is now known that Richard was assassinated by Sir Piers of Exon. If

the lines, as commonly received, point to the death of any king of England, we must revert to the Normans, therefore, for a solution: it is true that Henry I. died of a surfeit of lampreys.

IV.

“ Heard ye the din of battle bray?
Lance to lance, and horse to horse.”

6. *Heard ye the din of battle bray?*
The word *bray* is here cleverly introduced for obvious reasons. In short, the braying of a costermonger's donkey interrupts the beggar's lament for his half-crown and his longings for his bowl of soup. Somewhat too boldly Lumpen amends this line thus:

“ Heard ye that bray?—the dinner-bottles,” etc.

Where the beggar's reference to *bottles* and his *dinner* is, indeed, more natural than any appetite for *battles*. It is supposed to be an exclamation, broken by the approach of police. We dismiss it, reluctantly, however, as not supported by context. But think of any one in his senses taking this as a reference to the wars of York and Lancaster!

7. *Lance to lance and horse to horse.*
The *lance* is poetry for a catchpoll's staff; but the rest is plain enough. What with

braying and singing, a crowd collects in the street, and the beggar thinks he hears the horse-guards coming up from Whitehall or Scotland-yard to disperse the mob.

V.

“ Long years of havoc hold their destined course,
And thro’ the kindred squadrons mow their way.”

He naturally “ moves on ” and “ thro’ the kindred squadrons mows his way.” Though here we must add that for *squadrons* (which applies to the sea, and could only be accounted for by a mob of sailors) we suppose the true reading should be *a fleet*, suggested by the near neighbourhood of Fleet Street. The word *mow* is a mere blunder for *move*. We suggest, therefore, that he “ moves away ” in a natural effort to escape arrest, and the ignominious close of his errant music behind locks and bars.

If in this simulated review of a work of genius I seem to have trifled, I confess it not without compunctions ; for I revere the poetic art and its masters so profoundly that to deal with them after such manner, even for a laudable purpose, strikes me as in a

measure profane. But my purpose is to ask you, in all conscience, whether that can be called "higher criticism" in any just sense which trifles in such style with the sublime literature of the sacred Scriptures—with the historic simplicity, the transparent sincerity of narrative, the august jurisprudence of the Pentateuch, and the incomparable poetry of Job or Isaiah, and the Psalmist? If my imitation of such attempts to "treat the Bible like any other book" is a caricature, still it is legitimately wrought. It is a likeness nevertheless; the features cannot fail to be recognized as characteristic; its lights and shades bring into strong effect none other than what they delight to claim as the original and striking mannerism of their school. So Voltaire taught them to blaspheme the Old Testament, while he compliments it sarcastically as well worth reading. So Renan, his more learned and less filthy disciple, deals with the Gospels. But it is in the Biblical com-

mentaries of professed Christians, among Germans and Hollanders, that such criticism may be found; works of men who claim to be theologians and divines, while they put forth the hands of Uzzah to the Ark of God. From "higher critics" like these we may appeal to the highest criticism. From "modern thought," which, if it be only modern, must be still fluctuating and unsettled, we turn to the Thought of Ages; thought which the centuries have tried, and which survives and is yet solid and unshaken. For true criticism knows not only what is due to the oracles of the Most High, but, even to the same books, if only because they have been counted such by the noblest masters of human thought ever since the Uzzian gave us the oldest and the sublimest poetry that has ever proceeded from the head and heart of a man. Reflect how the refinement of a heathen prescribed for the cave of Cumæ that canon of decent respect for even re-

puted sanctity—"Avaunt, avaunt, ye profane." ¹

The old herbalists inscribed on specimens of certain humble but sweet-scented flowers a caution against vulgar inspection: "Turn away, pig, our savour is not for swine." And I have been reminded of this by the remark of a devout Hindu, who doubts whether Europeans generally have faculties sufficiently delicate for the full appreciation of the New Testament.² English missionaries, he confesses, have roused the dormant energies of the Hindus and stimulated them to a "religious activity which, as the result, characterizes every part of India." But Mozoomdar discovers that "Christ was an Asiatic," and responds to the eloquence of his Gamaliel, Keshub Chunder Sen, who taught him, as (he thinks) no Occidental teacher could, to love

¹ *Æneid*, Book VI. 259.

² "The Oriental Christ," by Mozoomdar. Boston, 1882.

the "lamb-like meekness and simplicity of Christ, His tenderness and humility, His heart full of mercy and forgiving kindness, and, on the other hand, His firm, resolute, unyielding adherence to truth." Smitten with the moral beauty and infinite perfections of His character and His doctrines, this poor Hindu feels that He is more than human, and bears his witness to the power of this "Oriental Christ" to meet all the longings and wants of human nature, as no other can, especially in reaching our sense of sin and our reachings-forth after regeneration and eternal life. "I am proud that I am an Asiatic," he says, "for Jesus and His disciples were Asiatics. . . . And is it not true that an Asiatic can read the imageries and allegories of the Gospel with greater interest and a fuller perception of their force and beauty than Europeans?" In short, he claims our divine Lord as in a special manner belonging to the Orientals first, and after that to other Gentiles, and

by this magnetic idea he supposes all India even now feels itself drawn to Christ, and will respond rapidly and more fully at no distant day.¹ I have been greatly moved by the force of this argument, when I note in contrast the coarser instincts and materializing thought of some among us out of whom German pessimism is making converts to Buddha; who glorify "the Light of Asia," while they close their eyes to the Light of the World. No wonder that such seem given over to "a reprobate mind." Mozoomdar, on the other hand, reminds me of one "who was not far from the kingdom of heaven," and of one of whom it is written, "When Jesus saw him He loved him." And when I have gathered fresh ideas of the Evangelists from this gentle pagan, and have perceived fresh fragrance exhaled from the Gospel texts pressed by his reverent hand, I have felt how mean and barren in comparison is this

¹ On the Brahmo Somaj. See Note XVII.

“higher criticism,” which degrades all that it touches, and makes the green herb and the fruitage of gardens wither where it intrudes. Yes, and I comprehend, with new emotions, something deep and far-reaching in those words of that glorious Lover of men’s souls to whom we owe our Redemption—when He rejoiced in spirit and exclaimed, “I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes.” No wonder that this “Oriental Christ” called a little child and set him amid the apostles as their example. No wonder that the great Apostle of the Gentiles gives us as a canon of faith and interpretation his majestic axiom, “He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.”

The only competent critic of the Scriptures, then, we must infer, is the scholar who to “the wisdom of the serpent” unites

the spirit which finds its emblem in the harmless and affectionate turtle-dove. He loves the subject of his task next to its Author, whom he loves supremely. He is one who scrutinizes and clears the text with a holy jealousy, guarding its integrity and taking a holy care not to mar and mangle it, lest it should be reduced to nothingness, on pretext of analysis; who exults in illustrating its beauties, in disclosing its harmonies with history and with the habits and thoughts of its times; and, above all, who labours to commend it afresh to successive generations, as the treasure above all price, which, even for its lesser merits, "the world should not willingly let die." And when I speak of its *lesser merits*, I refer to merits which, even so, have no parallel in all literature. If we would comprehend the history of the earth itself, we can find in no other cosmogony any approach to the lofty ideal of Moses; not one that even apparently conflicts so little

with all that science has demonstrated, or that has guided science itself to such solutions of difficulties as, in spite of the prudent reticence of the author, are more than hinted. This Book alone gives us any clue to the patriarchal ages and habits of mankind ; it alone hands down to us any plausible account of the origin of language, of races, of nations, and of the course of empire. Apart from its instructions the land of Egypt with all its monuments would be to us unintelligible ; and the Hebrew people, scattered among all kingdoms and peoples of the earth, would remain an inscrutable enigma. Of its sublime poetry ; its eloquent simplicity of narrative and its golden chronicles of antiquity ; its grandeur as giving us, in fundamental principles, a paragon of legislation ; its isolated perfection as a philosophy of morals ; and its yet more majestic solitude of glory, as presenting the image of God perfectly realized in a Second Adam—why should I speak? Have

not the world's own glorified philosophers, thinkers, poets, legislators, scholars, artists, authors of every class, in short, vied with the preachers of Christ in confessing as much as any of these ever claimed? Inimitable in its character, its structure, and its materials, and surpassing all that has been otherwise attempted or achieved by the wit or the wisdom of man, have not bitter infidels themselves been awed into deference, or moved, as if out of respect to themselves and to show themselves men of taste and of judgment, to eulogize Holy Writ, as, if not the Book of God, still the god of books? It is Rousseau who rebukes those who compare the Crucified of Calvary with him who drank the hemlock in Athens. It is Victor Hugo who says of the Christ of the Gospels¹:

“ Vous, qui pleurez, venez à ce Dieu—car Il pleure ;
 Vous qui souffrez, venez à Lui—car Il guérit ;
 Vous qui tremblez, venez à Lui—car Il sourit ;
 Vous qui passez, venez à Lui—car Il demeure.”

¹ I do not class Hugo with infidels.

Now, it is such a book that we, in our generation, behold, in the name of "higher criticism," mangled and rent, degraded and despoiled, and, like its Incarnate Author, hung up to be scoffed at and mocked, and "crucified between thieves."

But let me turn to authors who represent the highest criticism in contrast with those of this boasted "higher criticism," which the popular mind has been led to suppose exhaustively thorough in its examination of the Scriptures, and subversive of their claims upon faith and reason. When Germany was regaining its hold upon Revelation after its ages of unrest, and rejecting in its pulpits what was still the fruitless experiments of its schools, there arose in England, to the astonishment of mankind, a set of men, reacting from the follies of Newman and Manning, who could do no better than pick up the rags and tatters of the Teutonic Babel, and parade themselves in such array as modern thinkers

and critics. But, as it has ever been in England, where a Catholic and Apostolic Church has never failed to raise up chosen sons for such emergencies, this self-asserting and superficial faction was met and mastered by one who had passed through all the mists and fogs of Germany before they were born; one to whom nobody denied the qualification of scholarship the most thorough and complete, as well as of personal experience and contact with German *savants* by whom his own religious thought had been sadly leavened in his early days.¹ The attempt to import "Illuminism" into England thirty years ago was successfully met by Dr. Pusey, who calmly remarked that he found nothing new in the book "Essays and Reviews"; nothing with which older men had not been familiar forty years previously, that is to say, in the second and third dec-

¹ "Daniel the Prophet" (see p. xxv., preface), London, 1864.

ades of this century.¹ His acute remarks strengthen my own position in the former lecture. He says of these "essayists": "They asserted little distinctly, attempted to prove less, but threw doubts on everything. They took for granted that the ancient faith had been overthrown. . . . They ignored the fact that every deeper tendency of thought or each more solid learning had at last done away with something shallow, something adverse to faith. They practically ignored all criticism which was not subservient to unbelief." These writers, in short, would have attracted little notice had they not been clergymen of the Church, sworn to "banish and drive away" precisely what they were introducing. Dr. Pusey adds: "Had they ventured, in plain terms, to deny half the truths as to the Bible or the faith which they suggested to others to deny, they would have aroused the indignation of the whole believing peo-

¹ Note XVIII.

ple of England." Bad morals generally give offensive warning of corruption in matters of doctrine.¹

Pusey was a dangerous antagonist for such men to wake up, especially when they vaunted the attacks of "recent criticism" upon the Book of Daniel as a triumphant disproof of its authenticity. This challenge was accepted by the learned doctor; nothing could have pleased him better. He first laid his hand on the treatment which the Pentateuch had received from Davidson,² who adopted the maxims of the school of unbelief as to miracles and prophecy, and effectually stripped him of his armour, convicting both him, and the Germans from whom he quotes, of "ignorance of the elements of Hebrew." His ignorance of the Church Fathers was shown to be not less astounding, and what he professes to quote from Ewald is not found in Ewald at all.

¹ Note XIX.

² A prominent sectarian divine. See Pusey's Preface.

In Dr. Davidson's *series of opponents* of the authenticity of Daniel there is a *vacuum* of 1400 years, "from Porphyry the heathen to Collins the deist." After exposing the compromises with which this teacher would save something out of the Pentateuch and the prophets, Dr. Pusey shows that in the case of Daniel there is no room for such compromises. There is here no choice between faith and unbelief: take all or reject all; and rejecting all, reflect that you reject Christ Himself. So, while Pusey is able to say, "I have conscientiously read everything which has been written against the Book of Daniel," he goes into its defence with the alacrity of the strong man to run a race. "This Book," he says, "is especially fitted to be the battle-field between faith and unbelief. It admits of no half-measures. It is either divine or—an imposture . . . in a word, *one lie* in the Name of God." Hitzig coolly accuses the book as a forgery and an intentional decep-

tion, and Rosenmüller imputes to its author deliberate and elaborate fraud. With all such unbelievers Pusey joins issue. "Their major premiss is: (1) Since there cannot be either prophecy or miracle, a book claiming to contain definite prophecies or a contemporary account of unmistakable miracles cannot belong to the period to which it is ascribed. Their minor premiss is: (2) The Book of Daniel does make such claims." *Ergo*, etc. Over against all this Pusey sets his major and minor, as follows: "(1) Whatever Jesus says is true. (2) He has said that Daniel is a prophet." *Ergo*, etc. Accept this conclusion, or cease to call yourself a Christian.

There it stands. No compromise here. You must accept Daniel, or renounce Christ. And never was a Waterloo defeat more decisive than the fight which our author makes on this field. It completely reverses and overthrows what Bunsen had

styled "one of the greatest triumphs of modern criticism." But Bunsen, less extravagantly indeed, shouted victory for his friend Niebuhr in like manner, and lived to see that Niebuhr was mistaken. I point to this work, therefore, as an example of the highest criticism, and as utterly demolishing the whole system so much cried up in our day and which overthrows the faith of so many. It is a specimen of that expert and specialist learning which I have spoken of as requisite to the crisis; and while I profess no such learning myself, I do profess ability to appreciate the accumulated stores of knowledge, massive and minute, which are here brought into operation against innumerable devices of the enemy. "Let God be true and every man a liar" who presumes to contradict Him. So says the Apostle, and this erudite priest and doctor proves that such men are liars—nothing less—arrogant and ignorant, too, though he charitably suggests that they

are blind while they say, "We see." Daniel, their chosen field, is lost for them, and no devout student of this great argument can fail to see, by its aid, that the Book of Daniel the prophet is part of that Word—of which the Incarnate Word has said, "Thy Word is truth." Pusey's calm conclusion sounds like the language of an old prophet risen again: "You must make your choice; let it be a real one. But before you choose, set before you that day in which you shall see unveiled all that you now see in part. . . . God did not reveal Himself that we should live in a twilight, seeing nothing of His Truth distinctly, but only *men as trees walking*. Twilight must brighten into full day, or darken into the heaviness of night."

As I read this I recall the impression made upon my boyish heart by those striking lines of Sir Walter Scott,¹ which even

¹ "The Monastery," vol. i., p. 158. Ed. Boston, 1855.

poor Byron must have felt profoundly when he copied them into his Bible :

“ Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.
Happiest they of human race
To whom the Lord has granted grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch and force the way ;
And better had they ne’er been born
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.”

But while I hold that a conscientious study of Pusey’s “ Daniel ” is of itself sufficient to dissipate all the prestiges of this pretended “ progress ” in Biblical criticism, I owe it to the memory of my illustrious friend, Bishop Lightfoot, to direct renewed attention to his equally meritorious work on “ Supernatural Religion.” And this for another reason ; because it was called forth from his unwearied brain and accumulated wealth of learning alike by the vociferous praises bestowed on an anonymous work, and by the unprincipled tricks which brought it into notoriety. A glance at the

story of this publication¹ will supply a needed comment upon the artificial nature of the credit which such characters as its author are able to secure from the huzzas of the crowd, and from the patronage of unbelief in the masquerade of science. In contrast, a few citations from the pages in which Lightfoot has examined the sophistries of its author will prove the superiority of truly scientific learning, and suggest the processes by which pretenders are sure to be found wanting, if tried in the balances of accurate investigation.

The late Dr. Thirlwall, Bishop of St. David's, was a literary prelate of eminent abilities and splendid attainments. After a brilliant career at Cambridge, and due preparation in jurisprudence, he was called to the bar in 1825, at Lincoln's Inn, with every prospect before him of the highest advancement in his profession. He might

¹ "Supernatural Religion: An Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation." In two vols., 1874.

have aspired to the woolsack without immodesty, and would probably have been made Lord Chancellor at no distant day; but in 1828 he took holy orders, and during a long life he distinguished himself in every effort of his pen, and by the mild dignity of his intercourse with learned men, among whom he seemed in some degree to reign as *facile princeps*. Near the close of his life all England was astonished by the appearance of an anonymous work ascribed to him by general consent of the press, and pronounced, with extravagant eulogies, not only worthy of his erudition, but the consummate flower of his genius, and an unanswerable argument against the credit of Holy Writ, or, in short, of revealed religion. There was just enough in the literary tastes of Thirlwall and his known opinions on certain subjects to give colour to such an announcement. His early studies had inclined him to the classical scepticism of Niebuhr, then predominating, and he was

supposed to share in some of the theological vagaries of Bunsen. The appearance of a work apparently marked by research and real erudition, and generally attributed to so eminent a bishop, while it aimed a death-blow at the religion he had professed through his whole life, could not fail to command a sensational popularity.¹ Reviewers pronounced it, of course, a specimen of scholarship and critical acumen of the highest merit. It is worth while to observe how easily this reputation can be gained for such a book; how readily, on a credit so fictitious, thousands will celebrate the triumph of modern inquiry as complete over truths which have been tried in the fire for successive ages and have come forth from every furnace unscathed. "The author," writes one, "is a scientifically trained critic: he has learned to argue and to weigh

¹ The rumour was promptly denied, but the success of the publication was secured by what—one trusts with Lightfoot—was not a premeditated fraud.

evidence." "The book," adds another, "proceeds from a man of ability, a scholar, and a reasoner;¹ . . . his scholarship is apparent throughout." "Along with a wide and minute scholarship," says the same reviewer, "the unknown writer shows great acuteness." Again a third reviewer, and one entitled to respect, praises "the searching and scholarly criticism" of the book. Still another sounds the same note of admiration for the unknown author's "careful and acute scholarship." These eminent reviewers evidently supposed it the work of the scholar to whom rumour assigned it, and wholly worthy of a bishop "who had few rivals among his contemporaries as a scholar and a critic." One wonders how even the masterly mind of Bishop Lightfoot could take up a work of such incomparable merit without fear and trembling. His first inspection, however, led him to the judgment that "its criticisms

¹ I condense from Bishop Lightfoot, p. 3. Ed. 1889.

were too loose and pretentious and too full of errors to produce any permanent effect." He adds: "For the most part, attacks of this kind on the records of the Divine Life are best left alone." Even so, for they soon expire in their own mephitic savour, and, as with Bahrdt and Nicolai, their memorial perishes with them. But the book was obtaining notoriety from the popular acceptance of its imputed authorship, and Lightfoot could no longer forbear. He says: "I was forced to break silence when I found that a cruel and unjustifiable assault was made on a very dear friend, to whom I was attached by the most sacred personal and theological ties; and as I advanced with my work, I seemed to see that, though undertaken to redress a personal injustice, it might be made subservient to the wider interests of the truth."

The discussion which ensued is all-sufficient to settle the questions I am now sur-

veying, historically. Nothing that has appeared, anywhere, against the supernatural element in Christianity has been more loudly praised as a scientific and conclusive argument against Divine Revelation. Whoever wrote it, it was just what the "higher criticism" knew before, and had settled by other processes. This was a new sun risen upon the midday of Illumination.¹ If this is not decisive, there is nothing further to be said.

Be it so. And let it be compared with the calm examination and refutation of Joseph Lightfoot, that worthy successor of Joseph Butler in the See of Durham. He adds little in the way of comment, but that little is terribly significant of the position of the anonymous one who could trade successfully on the injury which attributed an assault on Christianity to the great

¹ A second, third, and fourth edition appeared in two volumes, 1874; fifth and sixth editions followed in 1875; a third volume in 1877; a complete edition, three vols., in 1879.

name of a Christian bishop. Considering that the anonymous writer boasts of the long years during which his work had been maturing, what an indictment against Thirlwall was made by ascribing it to him! "No words," says Lightfoot, "can be too strong to condemn the heartless cruelty of this imputation. . . . The bishop had lived in the full blaze of publicity; and on his fearless integrity no breath of suspicion had ever rested: yet, when increasing infirmities obliged him to lay down his office, he was told that his life for years past had been one gigantic lie, . . . had for years past been guilty of the basest fraud of which a man is capable."

Lightfoot turns to a critical examination of the work on "Supernatural Religion," with the reflection that it "presents a trenchant contrast to the refined scholarship and cautious logic" of Thirlwall; and his first step brings out evidence that a schoolboy might convict the author of

the grossest ignorance of the Greek grammar, and of the most unconscious parade of the same, when he tries to correct an accurate rendering of Dr. Westcott's, and another of Tischendorf's, both of whom he accuses of falsifying what they present as a translation. Next, the bishop deals in a similar manner with another example, as negligent of tenses as the other was of moods: adding that these two specimens have been selected not as by any means the worst examples of his Greek, but because an elaborate argument is thus wrecked on the rock of syntax. The Latin of our Priscian is next tried, after other blunders in his Greek have been pointed out, and lo! an imperfect subjunctive is treated as a present indicative, in sublime neglect of rules which boys who have been drilled in Cæsar are expected scrupulously to observe. His German—yes, even that—fares no better than his treatment of the dead languages, in the crucible of Light-

foot's criticism. It is to be noted that these and other tokens of "acute scholarship" are corrected in subsequent editions—but only *tacitly*; that is, without honourable acknowledgment of the source of the improvement. Reflect that we are now considering a superlative specimen of the "higher criticism." I cannot forbear, therefore, to quote entire the following delicately worded expressions of the true critic. He says: "Having shown that the author does not possess the elementary knowledge which is indispensable, . . . I shall not stop to inquire how far he exhibits those higher qualifications which are far more rare: whether, for instance, he has the discriminating tact and nice balance of judgment necessary for such a work; or whether, again, he realizes how men in actual life do speak and write *now*, and might be expected to speak and write sixteen or seventeen centuries ago; without which qualifications the most painful study

and reproduction of German and Dutch criticism is valueless."

When we reflect that the three ponderous volumes of this "Great Unknown" have the one merit of presenting the whole case against Revelation as put forth by "higher criticism," we see the real service the "Unknown" has really effected for the cause of truth. Here is all that can be said by High Dutch and Low Dutch; here is the concentrated result of all their thinking, scratching, erasing, and digging and delving, from the epoch of Spinoza to this of Schopenhauer and his *caput-mortuum*, Pessimism. And upon all this sits Light-foot in his supremacy of intellectual power and knowledge and understanding and wisdom, like a Daniel come to judgment. Out of his court emerges the Fourth Gospel intact and unscathed; the Synoptists come forth sustained and vindicated; the Apocalypse, and, in short, the Canon of Scripture, as witnessed by the Fathers, are es-

tablished and confirmed. We have heard of those chambers of compression that closed upon the victims of the *Vehmgericht*. Without cruelty, but with unsullied justice, this convict is subjected to like punishment by the righteous tribunal of Lightfoot. The walls close in upon him slowly and surely, and he becomes straitened on every side, till with terrible retribution he is reduced to nothingness and perishes in flagrant delict. Yes, flagrant is the word for the crime; for meanness and subterfuge are here laid open with judicial calmness and just exposure, in all the colourless severity of demonstration that speaks for itself and crushes without comment. Ushered into notoriety and into trade by a fraud of unspeakable wickedness, and passed through edition after edition, in which tacit corrections and sneaking evasions are a *cognovit* of blunders innumerable—*stat nominis umbra*. A very thin ghost is all that is left of this gigantic Anonymous. Like one of the

Nephilim, like the prodigy that emerged from the fisherman's drag-net, in the Arabian fable, so came this trumpeted giant before the world, a portent and a menace, a threat of extinction to the Gospel of Christ. Not by stratagem, but by main strength, Lightfoot has forced him down again into his box, under Solomon's seal, and with the derisive scorn of scholarship and of integrity he has been kicked back into the Dead Sea, where at least one of his ideas will be gratified: for his book, we may be sure, there will be no resurrection.

There are times when long-suffering faith and fidelity to God have a right to answer fools according to their folly. "It came to pass that Elijah mocked them." For a moment I have given vent to the thoughts which came to my mind as I closed this completed work of that "king of men"—in a nobler sense another "prince-bishop" of Durham. It was just before he died, and his book was the last gift of one whose

friendship was to me most dear. How profoundly I have felt the grandeur of his character, the sweetness of his humility and charity, the beauty and perfection of his scholarship! Since the days of Bede, who sleeps the sleep of peace in Lightfoot's own cathedral, the Church of England has never ceased to breed such men. Think of her immortal Alcuin;¹ think of her schoolmen, the greatest and best of their kind; think of Wiclif, the restorer of Holy Scripture; think of Ridley for doctrine and Cranmer for liturgics. I should blush for myself were I ashamed to add, think of Tindal and Coverdale and Jewel, in evil days so much better and wiser than their times; and remember Hooker, whose sober judgment and vast erudition, said a pope, "shall endure till the conflagration that must consume all things." And since those fiery days from which she came forth "a vessel of honour fit for the Master's use," what

¹ Note XX.

treasures of sanctified learning have been amassed for Christendom by her sons, laymen as well as divines. Oh, how humbled I feel, as I converse, in their massive works, with Taylor and Bull and Butler and the noble army of confessors and doctors who have continued their bright succession to our own times. Shall we ever have schools of consecrated learning in America, clustered about motherly cathedrals, where studious men may daily "devour the adversary," or furnish armour and artillery for their brethren in the field, condemned, like me, to practical work, and to bear "the burden and heat of the day"? In view of wants like these in our own dear Church, and in view of the degenerate school in England which has made common cause with the ignoble and covert assailant of Divine Revelation, forgive me for closing with a song, which is yet a sermon and a prayer. I quote an English layman; verse from the chaste and lofty genius of Words-

worth; not least, and, thank God, not last, among those who have glorified the family name.

“ For, as on earth it is the doom of Truth
To be perpetually attacked by foes,
Open *or covert*, be the Priesthood still,
For Truth’s defense, replenished with a band
Of strenuous champions in scholastic arts
Thoroughly disciplined. Nor—if in course
Of the revolving world’s disturbances
Cause should recur (which righteous Heaven avert!)
To meet such trial—*from their spiritual sires*
Degenerate; who, constrained to wield the sword
Of disputation, shrunk not, tho’ assailed
With hostile din, and combating in sight
Of angry umpires, partial and unjust:
And did, thereafter, bathe their hands in fire,
But blessing God and praising Him, bequeathed
With their last breath, from out the smouldering flame,
The FAITH, which they by diligence had earned,
Or by illuminating grace received,
For their dear countrymen and all mankind.”¹

¹ “ The Excursion,” Book VI., p. 446. Am. ed., 1837.

LECTURE III.

THE HIGHEST CRITICISM.

THAT glorious name of the faithful which was awarded them at Antioch is still claimed as honourable by many who depart from the faith and assail it with the malignity of the Sadducees. But he only is a Christian who "believes in his heart and confesses with his mouth" that Jesus Christ, crucified under Pontius Pilate, was proved "the Son of God, with power, by the resurrection from the dead."¹ He only is a Christian who makes this profession in the words of the great Catholic symbol—"He rose again *according to the Scriptures*;" that is to say, in the words of the same symbol, the Scriptures of the Holy

¹ Rom. i. 4; x. 9.

Ghost, "who spake by the prophets." And if the Holy Ghost spake by a succession of prophets, "which have been since the world began," much more hath He spoken by apostles and evangelists, since the Holy Spirit was sent to fill the whole Church, and to lead it into all truth—the Gospel of the New Testament. This is Holy Writ, in the contemplation of which we invoke the Highest Criticism, and pass from the gainsayings of Core and his imitators to the consideration of apostolic testimony: for not upon human theory, but from "the witness and keeper" of Holy Writ, we accept what we believe concerning the "oracles of God."

Of the difficulties suggested by Holy Writ, and which have proved fatal to his countrymen for successive generations, because Luther made every man his own pope, Dr. Kahnish well remarks: "That which every human science allows to itself without losing confidence in itself should

surely be permitted to a science which has to deal with divine mysteries." The book of Nature presents mysteries quite as impenetrable as those of Revelation. The finite, in both alike, is unable to comprehend the infinite: for God's thoughts "are not our thoughts, nor His ways our ways." Hence, in an admirable temper, he proceeds: "It is no disgrace to say, here is a difficulty which I cannot remove, an objection which I cannot refute, a contradiction which I cannot reconcile." Science is forced to do this incessantly. Copernicus admitted the difficulties of his own system, but adhered to it, because in rejecting it he encountered difficulties vastly more numerous and more formidable. What then? St. Peter [✱]recognized all this, and provides the remedy in his comments upon St. Paul's Epistles: "In which are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do, also, the other Scriptures, to their own de-

struction." We must be patient, and adhere to known Truth.

It has not been sufficiently perceived that we owe all this commotion about "treating the Bible like any other book" to the fact that the German reformers (so called), in breaking away from Rome, failed to re-occupy the rocky fastnesses of primitive Catholicity. Hence the Holy Scriptures became to their schools so many sibylline leaves which every man must reconstruct according to his own consciousness. Luther himself rejected the Epistle of St. James,¹ and with it the Catholic doctrine of justification by faith—which insists that works are the essential element of the faith which justifies. So early in his effort to construct what he considered the criterion of a "standing or falling Church," did he create the fact of a *fallen Church*.

That all clear ideas of testimony and of the Church Catholic perished in his experi-

¹ Note XXI.

ment may be clearly discovered in the work and the personal despair and misconceptions of the eminent Lutheran whom I have so often cited in these lectures.¹ In his *suspiria de profundis* he invokes a better spirit, and reflects in the anguish of his own heart upon the emptiness of the "union" effected between the Lutherans and the Calvinists in 1817, under the pious Cæsarism of Frederick III. Listen to this: "The *united* clergy promised to teach the Christian doctrine in such a manner *as each for himself*, after honest inquiry and according to the best of his convictions, draws it from Scripture." Here was the creation of a papacy in every individual; the pope, which Luther said, in his coarse way, "every man carries in his own belly." And Kahnis rebukes its impotency in the simplicity of his heart, and as if it were a discovery of his own, in these words: "If every Protestant divine is to expound Scripture in his own

¹ Kahnis, pp. 262, 308, 328.

way, to form the doctrines and shape their structure each one after his own method, what must be the result?" He gives the answer of common sense to his own question: "The result must be a chaos of standpoints, like atoms crossing one another, with which no church, no sound science could be possible."

Precisely so. And such is the chaos I have been surveying, and out of which the best minds of Germany are struggling to free themselves; while, to the surprise of mankind and the scandal of English common sense, there are some among us who, instead of stretching forth the helping hand of our Catholicity to bewildered spirits, are endeavouring to import among us a similar Protestantism. In language which Kahnis seems to adopt¹—concerning "the miserable condition of Protestantism"—he tells us that one of the ablest of his brethren was forced to exclaim: "I confess can-

¹ *Ut supra*, p. 308.

didly, I am sometimes ashamed of being obliged to call myself a Protestant." If any one wishes to prove that Germany needs to learn a practical way out of chaos, by restoring Catholic law, as the Anglicans did three centuries ago, let me further elicit such evidence from the learned Lutheran aforesaid. He calls for "a *subjective* Christian spirit," by which Germans often mean what we call an *objective* one: "a spirit which *with cordial sympathy enters into the phenomena of the past life of the Church.*" He deplores "the mistakes and aberrations of a mode of exposition coincident with the theology of mere feeling, a formless individualized Christianity." He adds: "The spirit of *historic representation*, which alone corresponds to the history of the Church, is *to feel as a Churchman.*" What an unconscious tribute to the Anglican Prayer-book, to the Ordinal and the Liturgy! What an impeachment of the whole "reformation" attempted by Luther

and Calvin in his further complaint that the use they made of Scripture "prevented them from giving its due place to the historical view." One would think he was quoting our own standard divines when he speaks of the conviction of the whole Church that "the same Spirit who has revealed Himself in the Old and New Testament *prevails in her.*" And this conviction he actually substitutes for Luther's maxim, as the test "of a standing or falling Church." "It is not the consciousness of this or that individual, but the *consciousness of the Church*, which must interpret Scripture." And again, "It is therefore *in the spirit of the Church* that the Scriptures must be interpreted." And yet again, speaking of those who laboured to depose the Rationalists: "It was hence a necessary progress of exegesis to reduce the word of Scripture to the Christian consciousness, . . . to reproduce out of the Word the Spirit who has produced the Word." And

once more: "This consciousness has not been left without witnesses: the interpreter must go to the work in relation *with the voices of all centuries.*" Hear it, ye Christians of America, to whom we have commended the "Historic Episcopate," for I add what follows this 'lofty appeal to Catholic Testimony, exhibiting the utter despair to which Kahnis is reduced for the want of it in Germany. "Feel as a Churchman," he says—but where is the Church for a German Protestant? He gives it all up in desperation, with these melancholy words: "But since *there does not exist a Catholic Church*, but only particular churches," a man with the right spirit "will not permit himself to deny the *peculiarities of his own particular church.*" Thus he flounders and falls back into the very chaos he has been describing and bewailing: "There does not exist a Catholic Church." Hear it, ye heavens, and give ear, O Earth—the Church of Christ

has failed! The Church founded on the Rock of Golgotha by the risen Christ has been too feeble for the gates of hell. What then? His advice amounts to this: Let the poor swimmer in this deluge of unbelief cling to his own particular fragment of the wreck, drift where it may. Alas! to borrow his own eloquent figure, "What is the use of setting the hands of one's dial when the mainspring is broken!"

Even Ranke, while he points to the causes of those rapid reconquests of the Jesuits in Germany which he chronicles, feels his way toward an elucidation when he says:¹ "This effect was without doubt produced *because the German theologians had never arrived at any clear understanding among themselves.*" He should have said, "Because in their fury as *reformers* they forgot to be *restorers.*" The Anglicans refused to follow them, and made themselves indeed "healers of the breach

¹ Vol. i., p. 418. Bohn's translation, 1858.

and *restorers* of paths to dwell in," by a return to the Catholic system of the eldest antiquity.

Theoretically, the pious Auberlen, while he has no *practical* principle to enforce because he has no historic Church to which he can turn as a "witness and keeper of Holy Writ," reaches a like conclusion with Kahnis, against the abuse of private judgment. He flies from the burning cities of the plain, scorched by their retribution and not untainted by their contagion—seeking a Zoar, which, like Kahnis, he seeks in vain. For him also there is no church of Testimony and of Record to furnish rest for his feet. But he accepts the conclusion of a contemporary author, in the following words,¹ which might have been written by Bishop Bull: "God will not lead and instruct men by the Scriptures alone; He employs also His Spirit and *the Church* :

¹ "Divine Revelation," p. 247. Edinburgh translation, 1867. See pp. 244-248, 345, 358.

therefore He has given His word in a form which can be sufficient to lead into all truth—*only in connection with the other guides.*”

To the same purpose Scripture speaks of itself: “No prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation. . . . But there shall be false teachers among you.” What are these “other guides” of which Auberlen feels the want, which only can refute the false teachers? In his candid, even affectionate view of poor Schleiermacher’s gropings toward the light, Auberlen proves, though he does not explicitly adopt, the great value of the Patristic Testimony; the famous Canon of Vincent; the rule of faith of the whole Church under the great synods, and before popes were heard of, save by prophetic vision, as among the “many Antichrists.” St. Jude, in like foresight, supplies in essence St. Vincent’s rule, as St. Paul and St. Peter did before him.¹ But

¹ II. Thess. ii. 13, 14; II. Tim. i. 13; II. Peter i. 20; ii. *passim*; St. Jude, especially 17 to end.

hear the sigh of Menken, when, in 1805, he published his "Attempt to Provide a Guide to Individual Instruction in the Truths of Scripture." In the Preface he says: "I would gladly speak of the conformity or non-conformity of my work to the standard of the church, *if there were a church existing!*"

Let me proceed to the consideration of the principle that "the Bible must be treated like any other book," so far as to show (1) in what sense we demand that it should be recognized practically, and (2) how it must be guarded by logical limitations.

The miracle of our Lord's resurrection, which I assume to be accepted by all who have any claim to be called Christians, precludes any hesitation with regard to minor miracles which culminated in this. This principle takes away also every plea against prophecy, which is only a species of miracle, and one to which our Lord's resurrec-

tion has set the sufficient seal. How absurd to talk about "the fixt laws of the universe," which the enemy pronounces to be the base of his unbelief; as if their very *fixedness* were not the necessary base of miracle itself, the very law which gives all its force to an exception. Clearly, if the fixt laws of the universe were not *laws*, but merely fluctuating *phenomena*, there could be no miracle. We hold to these laws, and hence when there arise unquestionable exceptions, we exclaim: "Here is the finger of God." The Lawgiver Himself is revealed: "let all the earth keep silence before Him."

Keeping this in view, the Bible may be "treated like any other book," and we demand that it should be, just so long as the canons of true criticism are scrupulously regarded. So argues our Lightfoot: *ex-perto crede Roberto*. While he shrinks from no critical examination of the Scriptures, as a whole or in detail, such as any

competent scholar would devote to a book of incomparable dignity, in the exercise of judicial conscientiousness and with respect for the convictions of others, he cannot consent to the proposals of every bungler and caviller to treat the Bible as such characters might treat any book. For he says of the essayist already mentioned: "When I observed that the author, not content with ignoring the facts and reasonings, went on to impugn the honesty of his opponents; when I noticed that, again and again, the arguments on one side of the question were carefully arrayed, while the arguments on the other side were altogether omitted; when I perceived that he denied the authenticity of every work, and questioned the applicability of every reference which made against him; when, in short, I saw, that however sincere the writer's personal convictions might be, the critical portion of the work was stamped, throughout, with the character of an advo-

cate's *ex-parte* statement, I felt that he had forfeited any claim to special forbearance." Now, it is just such critics as this author, who in the estimate of reviewers had carried away the palm from all competitors as an example of exhaustive scholarship, and of a successful attack upon Christianity—it is just such men as he, men after the pattern of Nicolai and Bahrdt, that bawl most loudly for the privilege of treating the Book of books "as they would treat any other book." By which they mean, as even they would *not* treat any other book in the world; for this is the only book which they hate with a hatred like that of Julian the Apostate. Lightfoot weighs his words, when he prescribes widely different qualifications as a prerequisite for the exercise of judicial faculties by any one who would judge righteously of the Scripture canon. He adds that, with such a course of preparation as he indicates for reading Irenæus,

one "would be in a more favourable position for judging rightly of its early history than if he had *studied all the monographs which have issued from the German press during the last half century.*"

And Lightfoot's judgment in this matter is supreme. Ruling out, then, all such characters as the author of the "Essay on Supernatural Religion," and all such as would treat Isaiah as my simulated reviewal treats Gray's Ode, we do not merely *allow*—for we *demand*, rather—(1) that the Bible should be treated like any other book in so far as research the most exhaustive, and scrutiny the most microscopic, can be brought to bear on it by truth-seeking and truth-loving men. But (2) we demand that if the preliminary examination shall prove that the Bible is wholly unlike any other book in its twofold history—in the history of its origin and preservation, and in the history of its influence upon humanity—then, in so far,

its treatment should be commensurately unlike the treatment of other books. He who should dig up an old and encrusted copper vase, for example, but should find reason, in the suggestions of experts, to examine it with the delicacy due to a work of ancient art, would undoubtedly proceed to investigate it with a proportionate refinement of feeling. If on further examination he should find that the copper was probably silver, in the estimate of competent judges, he would apply his chemical tests yet more tenderly; and should these suggest that, after all, if not merely parcel-gilt, it was pure gold, then it is quite certain he could not pursue his work except on this idea, and no longer as a problem, but as a theorem. Hopefully and in love with his task, he would exult in every token that his theorem was capable of demonstration. Holy Writ should be dealt with on like principles; for it comes to the critic's hands wholly unlike any other

book, and hence cannot be justly treated otherwise than as a thing of superlative dignity. Any one may begin with it problematically, but still respectfully; he may be scientifically sceptical at the outset, and disposed to question its character, and in so far he may be severe, provided he will be just. But when he cannot deny that the believer has ground for his theorem, that it will be found pure gold, even though tried with fire, he will not be reluctant to submit it to a fiery ordeal in the lofty spirit of one who follows up experiment as a lover of truth, and with good hope that he can reach with honest satisfaction a "Q. E. D." like that which seals a demonstration of Euclid. It is thus that the erudite Pusey says with the dignity of a scholar and of a judge: "I have conscientiously *read everything which has been written against the Book of Daniel.*" . . . But, although the belief as to the prophecies of Daniel must be part of

my religious being, since it is inseparable from my belief that Jesus is God—this in no way interferes with the examination of these prophecies in themselves. I cannot, indeed, examine them as one who doubts.

. . . Even in matters of certain human knowledge men do not ignore their own knowledge in order to impart it to others or to remove their objections." I suppose such is the great principle laid down for believers in St. Paul's canon—"Prove all things." He subjects the Scriptures to trial with a theorem, not as a problem. He demonstrates his theorem, however, just as the astronomer, assuming the truth of the Copernican system, nevertheless invites the closest examination of the facts and processes which establish it, though in flat contradiction to our senses and to all the convictions of scientists, as they were propagated and plausibly sustained for thousands of years after the true theory had been stated.

Widely different are the processes of Truth's adversary, though he also has his theorem. He assumes that all is false, but "his wish is parent to his thought," and he sees nothing, grants nothing, weighs nothing, that conflicts with his prejudice, his malevolence, his hatred of Truth and Light. "Disbelief," says Pusey, "has been the parent, not the offspring, of their criticism—their starting-point, not the winning-post, of their course." This has been made evident enough in the unanswerable pages of Pusey and Lightfoot; and of Guettée, in his examination of the brilliant Renan, that victim, like so many of his countrymen, of scepticism engendered by Ultramontane dogmas. Such the fruits of Jesuit persistency in demanding faith where nothing but credulity can respond, since what they require of the human intellect has no connection with evidence.

By contrast, you have learned the meaning of the "higher criticism," and of what

I call the "highest criticism." In these lectures I also proceed as on St. Paul's canon, and state the case, not to preclude your own examinations, but to stimulate them. I invoke the most searching investigation of the great authors who have satisfied me, and of those whom they have so ably refuted and exposed in their true character, as equally incompetent for want of sound learning, and incapable for want of candour.

Weak defenders of truth are they who not merely forget to hold the old fastnesses of Christendom, but those who fail to seize and occupy the ground which has been fairly won.

We must not suffer it to be overlooked, after two centuries of warfare such as I have surveyed, that not an inch of foothold claimed by the Catholic Church has been surrendered. But more, in every conflict we have gained fresh ground. Out of the eater has come forth meat; out of the

strong, sweetness. Renan has been forced to give us back so much of St. Paul, and of Apostolic history, as enables us to reconstruct all that he had shattered in the imagination of some. Daniel is not only reconquered, but planted more firmly in the canon than ever before. Burgon has reclaimed the concluding verses of St. Mark by a masterly exercise of learning and logic; and the canon of the New Testament rises like the Phoenix out of the flames, in which they boasted that it had perished. Of the Fourth Gospel, take the following judgment of one whose right to speak will not be questioned, at least by the enemy. He says: "Nearly all the *savants* who apply the rational method to the history of theology reject the Fourth Gospel as wholly apocryphal. I have reflected largely and anew upon this problem, and I have been unable to modify, in appreciable degree, my previously expressed opinion. Only, as I disagree on

this point with the general opinion, I have felt it my duty to exhibit in detail the grounds of my persistency." The same writer in like manner states his confidence in the Gospel of St. Luke and the Acts of the Apostles as in continuity the work of the same author. He gathers up all that has been said by the rationalists, and adds: "Shall we, then, yield to these objections? I think not, and I persist in my belief, etc." So speaks the redoubtable Renan.¹ It is all-important, also, to note that, after all these years of perpetual theorizing, demolishing, disproving, and of creating new systems out of mere remnants and presumed discoveries, the *ultimatum*, if not similar to this, is not positive but absolutely negative. After it has been a hundred times proclaimed, "Here are at last the facts;" "It is now ascertained;" in short, "We now know, and can speak positively,"

¹ "Les Apôtres," par Ernest Renan, pp. ix.-xv. Introduction. (Eleventh edition.) Paris, 1882.

—after all this, it has come down to “We know nothing.” The actual outcome of “higher criticism” as to the canon of Holy Writ amounts to this: “When, by whom, and how it was created it is impossible for us to determine.”¹ Yes, and if we ignore all the accumulations of evidence, shut our eyes to demonstrated facts, and close our ears and our minds alike to the preponderance of probabilities and the concurrent testimony of experts, how easy it would be to treat the revelations of astronomy and the elemental truths of geology with a similar exclamation of contempt, crying, “It is impossible to determine.”

But, finally, we are asked to give a broad margin to “the human element.” Weak defenders, in order to be “liberal,” first make it broader, and then throw it as a sop to the insatiate jaws of unbelief. Doubtless there is a human element where human language is employed, when the

¹ Note XXII.

Infinite condescends to the finite mind and talks to man in his own idioms, limited by the immensity of our ignorance. In mere versions of Scripture this element becomes appreciable, and when we fall back on the original text, there is yet a human element to be allowed for in questions of text and of guardianship; while there remains a very important inquiry, and one that requires to be more fully treated by devout believers than it has been, respecting those parts of Scripture which are professedly compilations. In such case, possibly, we may not claim for the editor exemption from human fallibility, any more than we do for the devout and faithful creators of a version like the Peshito or the Vulgate. A striking example of what I would concede is furnished by the discourse of the friends of Job. They spake "truths that wake to perish never"; but they applied them injudiciously and with persistent mistake. Hence the decisive judgment of

God Himself, who moves them to a sacrifice of faith and repentance, to prayer, and to Job's intercession, with the words, "Lest I deal with you *after your folly*, in that ye have not spoken of me the thing which is right, *like my servant Job*." Here, then, we are warned to read those sublime words of Eliphaz, Elihu, and the others, just as we read the Apocrypha, according to St. Jerome,¹ "for the edification of the people, but not to sustain the authority of the Church's doctrines." By this rule we read alike the Apocrypha and the words of Elihu, but *cannot cite them as unquestionable truth, save only as they are sustained by the canonical Scriptures*. Happily, the Catholic Church has never tied her children's faith to any theory about inspiration; but, practically, she presents us with her canon—the Old Testament stamped by Christ Himself with His

¹ The late Bishop of Winchester refers to the Benedictine ed. Tom. i., p. 938.

seal, as the gift of the Holy Spirit, and the New, invested with like character, by Apostolic testimony—the whole clothed with that majestic summary of authentication: “Every Scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction, which is in righteousness.” I quote the Revised Version, not because I admire its clumsy rhetoric, but to preclude verbal objections; and because it allows the margin of Scripture for which I have argued. The words of Elihu, though not wholly inspired, are included in “Scripture,” yet we have shown that they are, in some cases, not “profitable.” St. Paul’s rule claims inerrancy for inspired Scripture only; and this illustrates other cases where there is a human element to be allowed for, if *we can prove it human*. Yes, and there is the crucial point. There was a human element in the personality of the Divine Redeemer, but presumptuous indeed is he who would undertake to

separate it from the Person of the One Christ. The very hem of His garment was more holy than that Ark of the Covenant which Uzzah profaned by his touch, when he essayed to uphold it, because it was shaking. And just so the Uzzahs of our day have presumed to deal with Him, in whom were "hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge"; in whom dwelt "all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."¹ The Dutch critics venture to define the *self-emptying* of His humility as implying the contrary of all this; He became less divine, and practically human only, by the mystery of His Incarnation. This is no "modern thought"; it is the old profaneness of Celsus. Even Tertullian² is censured by the devout and learned Pearson for too great freedom of phrase, though he restricts this self-humiliation to His "ter-

¹ Coloss. ii. 3, 9; Philipp. ii. 7. On the *κένωσις*, see Pearson (on the Creed), p. 156. Ed. Oxford, 1890.

² "Ante-Nicene Fathers" (translated), vol. iii., p. 530. Ed. Buffalo, 1885.

rene flesh, which made all things else about Him *Wonderful*; as when they said: 'Whence hath this man this wisdom?' "

The Dutch and German critics assume the "human element" whenever they pick up a bit of manna which their dyspeptic element cannot inwardly digest. Upon the living and life-giving text of Holy Writ they sit anatomizing, as if it were a vulgar corpse for dissection. But the Christian assumes the very reverse: he accepts the canon as holy, and as something not to be subjected to "private interpretation"; as instinct with divinity, and a frame-work on which it is impiety for the individual mind to inflict a scar. Not this, but "the Church's consciousness" is the only lawful court of appeal, as Kahnis and Auberlen have found it. And this principle practically excludes all scepticism from a reverent mind, so rarely does one indisposed to cavil encounter a real difficulty.

Not a jot or tittle which touches the

Nicene Creed can be proved a human element; no, not even the text of "the Three Witnesses." This text cannot be quoted as indubitable Scripture, and hence should never be appealed to for proof, yet it says nothing but what Scripture says elsewhere; just what the Church itself has always testified. Therefore, like the words of Elihu, where he says what Job says, and says what all Scripture confirms, we reverently accept it as doctrine, while we would not cite it to confirm any dogma. Though the propriety of excluding it has never been proved, it could not now be *inserted*—which is a different thing—on the textual evidence in the possession of us Moderns. But it proves volumes for the Scriptures as we have them, that this one case is exceptional, and stands quite alone.

In a word, then, even the criticisms of the adversary may contribute here and there a marginal note to our English Bible, and many conjectural annotations to commen-

taries. They may point to apparent indications of the "human element" in vexed passages, but they cannot prove deductions merely conjectural. They may also demonstrate that certain ancient manuscripts have been too much relied upon; or that others have been too little appreciated. But nothing which they suggest as emendation is referable to any standard that Christians can accept, or to any unanimity among the critics as to what should be done with conjectures resting generally on the "consciousness" of one author, with which the "consciousness" of others does not correspond. As, for example, in spite of all that almost every rationalist has claimed as proven against the Fourth Gospel, we have seen that Renan finds no reason to alter his conviction (which he imagines helps his particular theory) that the objections amount to nothing. Strauss has proved to his own satisfaction that the Gospels were purposeless fables. Not to

be behind others who went further, however, he pronounces¹ "a great part of these accounts—the *Fourth Gospel*, especially—to have been gotten up for party purposes." Hitzig decides that the Epistle to the Philippians is "plagiarized from the 'Agricola' of Tacitus." As a specimen of his acumen, this author derives the name of Æsop from "the *hyssop* that springeth out of the wall." This is the class of critics who build theories on the "human element"—a school to which Matthew Arnold ascribes "great force of critical opinion." The threshings and winnowings of this "higher criticism" leave little of the sheaves, except tares and chaff, in the hand of the husbandman. What they would sweep away is precious seed that lies, safe and sound, upon the floor, or is gathered into the Church's garner. Let a heathen who is coming to the Light, re-

¹ Auberlen, "Divine Revelation," p. 287, and see more of Hitzig, Lightfoot, S. R. pp. 24, 25.

prove those who turn away from it. "The want of faith," says Mozoomdar,¹ "is a dreadful cause of evil in the world; it is the killing of one half of human nature. . . . The men who profess to teach religion without the fulness and maturity of faith deserve to be singled out as blind leaders of the blind."

"Hail, Holy Light!" Out of Dante's *Inferno* it is sweet to mount into *Paradise*. We have gained the loftier plane of the Highest Criticism; of thought uplifted by faith, and hope, and love, above the material, the gross, the sensual, and profane. There is criticism which pierces to the kernel and sticks not in the bark; which sees through the veil of the letter and communes with the ethereal spirit; which halts not with dialect and idiom, though it analyzes language in all its forms; which deals with style as the vehicle of mental force, but as not infrequently the stamp

¹ "Oriental Christ," pp. 104, 105.

and imprint of God, speaking with the voice of man. It explores the artificial varieties of rhetoric and poetry, like the merchantman "seeking goodly pearls"; it identifies itself with the author, his individuality, his times, and surroundings; it leaves ample room and verge for the human element, but, by a critical instinct, it recognizes everywhere, as inseparable from its operations, a suffusing spirit, the living and light-giving element of Divine inspiration. And so we come to men of faith, to the true critics, to the thought of ages; to the sacred canon, whole and undefiled; settled and defined from the beginning; settled in the only times and by the only court in which such definition was possible; settled by contemporaneous evidence compared with which the guesses and objections of "modern thought" present no case for judicial reopening.

It has been well remarked¹ that "ob-

¹ Pusey, Preface to his "Daniel."

jectors of old were as acute as now, or more acute than those now;" and they did their worst from the days of Alexander the coppersmith to those of Julian the Emperor. "It would be difficult, probably, to invent a new heresy."¹ . . . "The Jews tried what pseudo-criticism could do against the prophecies² as to our Lord and His Church." But over against them, in the city of books and of scholars, rose up that colossal succession of the Faith's defenders whose criticism is the highest, as it was the earliest, in the *Novus Ordo Sæclorum*, the Era of Light. Beginning with St. Mark, in all probability, and with not less likelihood counting among its founders Apollos, "the logical, and mighty in the Scriptures," the School of Alexandria is the earliest comment of history on the words of Christ to the fishermen—"Ye are the light of the world." Who among the heroes of "mod-

¹ Pusey, *ut supra*.

² See one of the eighteen places altered by the Scribes, in Pearson (*ut supra*), p. 361.

ern thought" can be named as considerable, when compared with Pantænus, that "Sicilian bee," who imparted "the deathless element of knowledge" to his successor Clement the Athenian, born under the Antonines, but converted to Christ, and rearing up Origen as his pupil? Of this illustrious critic says Cyril of Alexandria, "he was a man admirably learned and skilful, and one that searched to the depths all the learning of the Greeks, *with an exactness rarely attained before.*" Alexander of Jerusalem eulogizes him as his master, "greatly useful and helpful." Theodoret says: "He *surpassed all others*, and was a holy man." Eusebius applauds him as "incomparable" in the mastery of Christian philosophy. St. Jerome testifies that he was the most learned of all the ancients. And to this a recent scholar and translator sets his seal when he says:¹ "So multifari-

¹ The Rev. Wm. Wilson, Edinburgh, 1868. See also "Ante-Nicene Fathers," vol. ii., pp. 165, 166. Ed. Buffalo, 1885.

ous is the erudition, so multitudinous the quotations, and the references to authors (in all departments and of all countries), most of whose works have perished, that these works of Clement could only have been composed near an extensive library—*hardly anywhere but in the vicinity of the famous Library of Alexandria.*”

And as a critic and collector of the Scriptures, who shall be compared with the encyclopædic Origen; erratic as a theologian, indeed, but in the creation of his “Hexapla,” the prince of critical scholars, and the benefactor of the human race. Epiphanius reckons up his works, greater and less, his treatises and essays, as amounting in all to the number of 6000; and Jerome is justified in saying that he wrote more than anybody could read. Isaac Barrow calls him “the father of interpreters.” Scrivener,¹ a master of “textual criticism,”

¹ “Introduction to the Criticism of the N. T.,” p. 451. Ed. Cambridge, 1874.

after comparing his work with what "sixteen more centuries have produced," says: "Seldom have such warmth of fancy and so bold a grasp of mind been united with the life-long, patient industry which procured for this famous man the honourable appellation of *the Adamantine*." What more need I say of this great school than that it culminated in Athanasius, who stood "against the world," when it wavered as to the faith, and reconquered it for Christ. In the West, St. Jerome became the father of Biblical learning, but he wrought with the "Hexapla" before him, in the "very autograph" of Origen. It must not be forgotten that innumerable copies of the Scriptures had perished in the Diocletian persecution, but that the continuity from Origen was never lost; for, as Scrivener puts it, "From Jerome's time downward, the stream of extant and direct manuscript evidence flows on without interruption."

This glance at the great Fathers of Scripture criticism is important for several reasons. (1) It establishes the fact that "modern thought" and "higher criticism" cannot be compared with the highest; and it reflects merited disgrace on those of the moderns who have spoken of these giants of the old time before us as inferior to themselves. So that "thrice-battered" author of the *Essay on Supernatural Religion* ventured to speak of "the thoroughly uncritical character of the Fathers, and the slight dependence which can be placed upon their judgments," *i.e.*, as compared with his own, or with Hitzig and other Germans on whom he relies.¹ We venture to believe "the old is better." Personally, these ancients have had no superiors in our day; and their own day was the only day in which the essential evidence could be supplied, or in which ma-

¹ Note Lightfoot's remarks on this subject, *passim*; and pp. 268-9, for an interesting discussion.

terials could be identified with originals, or rejected as impure.

And (2) it may be said, as it has been constantly assumed in argument against the canon, that great diversities of mind and character existed among these ancient scholars, so that they often lend no little help to modern objectors. As I am now proving that the Fathers, by whose aid and services the Church was able to construct and settle the canon, *were in all respects* critics the best qualified for their sacred task, it must be evident that my point is greatly sharpened by this fact. It is a concession that there is hardly anything now called "modern thought" which those Fathers had not considered, candidly discussed, weighed, and practically rejected. For the Church is not merely "the keeper of Holy Writ," she is also its faithful "witness." Most important to my argument, therefore, is the fact that my valued friend, Dean Stanley, and others who have

ventured with him, to the very verge of falling, had also their less blameworthy counterparts in the ages before the great Synodical period, which made an "end of controversy" on so many points; which settled the canon forever, and closed innumerable questions which cannot be reopened without shipwreck of faith. I have already reminded you of the fact that modern German theology owes its chaotic character entirely to its loss of catholicity, and to practical ideas of Scripture as so many Sibylline leaves, thrown loosely into the world, to be picked up or to perish, without any care to commit it to a faithful stewardship on His part who watches over even the sparrow's fall. We know that the oracles of God were committed to the churches, and so to that Catholic and Apostolic Church, which cannot be destroyed; which exists in continuity and perpetuity as "the pillar and ground of the Truth."

For (3) not Clement, nor Origen, nor Athanasius, nor Jerome, nor any doctor of the primitive ages, was the arbiter of the canon, or ever imagined himself to be other than a disciple of the Apostles and of their successors, in all the churches of Christ, or to deserve consideration apart from strict fidelity to their testimony and to "the Faith once delivered to the saints." Much less was the canon subjected to a decisive voice from any particular see. Alexandria was then the mistress of the schools, and foremost among Apostolic churches. Not she, nevertheless, nor Jerusalem, nor Antioch, nor their younger sister Rome, could claim any supremacy in judgment. Nay, verily, for all the accumulations of testimony and research; all the genius and zeal of heroic martyrs and eloquent preachers; all tradition and all learning, were submitted to the severest tests of the churches everywhere; and so the canon was ultimately settled, and made the

blessed inheritance of all believers, and (as it has proved itself) the source of all human enlightenment, as well as of infinite consolation in this life and of hopes beyond the grave. Happily, (4) any Christian whose learning and intelligence are equal to investigation, has, close at hand, a test which is all-sufficient to decide whether his confidence in Holy Writ shall rest on the processes of Baur and Paulus and Renan, eighteen hundred years too late, and not rather upon the "keeper and witness" of the lively oracles, which gathered the same in the ages most competent to testify, and which had known those who had known the disciples of St. John. One of these, Irenæus, could certify to the book which he himself received from Polycarp, which Polycarp received from the Beloved Disciple. Let the inquirer go to any library where good editions of the Fathers are to be found, and simply turn to their indexes, in the works of the Fathers who

lived and suffered before Nicæa.¹ Those indexes show the canon just as we have it; and if the inquirer gives time and attention to what the Fathers say of these Scriptures, he will see that they cited them as Holy Writ; as the lively oracles; as the Word of Christ and of God; and appealed to them as testimony apart from which nothing might be taught as of the Christian, that is, the Catholic, Faith.

And thus I have appealed to evidence which establishes the Scriptures on principles of wisdom purely human—such as agree with the maxims of jurisprudence. The evidence that is conclusive must be that of contemporaries—say the judges. The American Constitution is to be studied and understood by the writings of those

¹ Though the plan of a General Bibliography and Index was suggested by me, for the American edition of the "Ante-Nicene Fathers," it was wholly executed by my learned friend, the Rev. E. C. Richardson. I may commend it, therefore, as a most valuable specimen of the kind of work to which I refer.

who framed it, and—*by the continuous decisions of this tribunal*—adds our Supreme Court. Precisely analagous is what Tertullian ruled in the questions we have considered: and for the outside world such is our reply. But, thank God, while accepting all this, the Christian confides in something that seals, confirms, and infinitely magnifies the same. Not only has he a supreme court in the Church itself, which has adopted all the processes exacted by the world, and has convinced the best and wisest of men by the same, but we know that this she did, with the ever-present and abiding help of the Holy Spirit. He has led her into all truth; he has never permitted the whole Church to “follow cunningly devised fables;” he has fulfilled the Master’s promise,¹ by bringing to mind and preserving in her, and for her, all things what-

¹ St. John xvi. 13. Compare with this and the previous chapter, St. Matthew xxviii. 20.

soever the Master taught and commanded. What we call the Bible, then, in the light of the highest criticism, is a sacred library, the divers parts of which are authenticated as was never any other book in the world. Its history requires us to treat it as wholly unlike all other books, even if we begin our researches by supposing the reverse. It differs fundamentally from anything ever devised or put together by the art of man. Its two portions, the Old and the New, are one entire whole, corresponding as the wax and the seal, as the boss and the die, as the minted coin and the graven incision of its stamp. To illustrate, I quote from the pages of the studious Hindu, who, with the instincts of an Asiatic, has discovered this in his own way.¹ He says, quoting another of his own kind: "There is such a thing as the evolution of the divine purpose in the order and history of religion; a logical sequence in the dispen-

¹ Mozoomdar, *ut supra*, pp. 135, 136.

sations of Faith. . . . They are linked together in one continuous chain, which can be traced to the earliest age. . . . In Jesus we see the logical sequence of Moses; the New Testament is the necessary sequence of the Old. . . . Moses taught stern justice, and inaugurated the kingdom of law; Jesus taught love, and inaugurated the kingdom of grace. The theology of love is the logical complement of the theology of fear; the two form one integral Gospel and are indissolubly connected." Truly this Hindu might teach half of Germany and Holland "which be the first principles of the oracles of God."¹

Take, then, the Scriptures of the Old Covenant, and observe that of these there can be no question; they were read, countersigned, sealed, and delivered afresh to their new keeper and witness, the Church, which is His body, by the Incarnate God. He who denies this, like the impugnors of

¹ Heb. v. 12.

the Book of Daniel, has ceased to be a Christian. But let us take it up like a heathen, if you will, and see to what you will be led, nay forced, by the facts.

When poor Frederick of Prussia said to his court-chaplain, Dr. Jablonski: "I have no time to study big books; give me in fewest words the surest evidence of your religion," the reply was all-sufficient, and marvellously comprehensive. The chaplain answered in two words: "Sire—*the Jews.*" Let the unhappy disciples of Frederick and Voltaire look at these two words and consider what they imply. A phenomenon stretching through the ages, from a period to which the monuments and the memory of man run not contrary; here are the Jews—everywhere are the Jews—where are they not? Look at them; frame, if you can, any theory about them which corresponds with admitted facts, other than that which the Church and her New Testament maintain, and when you have

done this there will be something original in your "modern thought."

Can any one in his senses deny that here is a stupendous prophecy unanswerably fulfilled? Very well. The enemy has staked his whole adventure into the chaos of "Rationalism," on the propositions (1), there can be no such thing as miracle; (2), no such thing as prophecy. One prophecy fulfilled overthrows their whole fabric of doubt. For prophecy itself is miracle, and its fulfilment, if it proves the prophecy, is likewise a miracle. The supernatural is manifest in both, and this established, their "rationalism" is unreason and unbelief, as bad in philosophy as it is corrosive in personal morals and destructive in human society. For the dispersion and actual condition of the Jews, as known and read of all men, is itself a stupendous fulfilment of prophecy. Take their own prophets from them, and we read of just what has come to pass.

We behold their temple destroyed, for more than eighteen hundred years, and Jerusalem (her sacrifices ceased) overspread with abominations, as foretold in sorrowing words by their own Daniel, and out of Daniel by the Man Jesus. Scattered among all peoples, and assimilated with none, an enigma beyond solution, save in the light of the Scriptures, we may say that their canon, and ours too, comes to us bound up in them and with them. "For what advantage then hath the Jew?" asks the Jew of Tarsus,¹ and he answers: "Much every way; *chiefly* because that *unto them were committed the oracles of God.*" How well they kept this trust let the pupil of Gamaliel and his glorious Master teach us, not only by their positive testimony, but by the overwhelming logic of their silence. Not a hint that in this their chief stewardship the Jews were unfaithful. "Search the Scriptures,"

¹ Rom. iii. 1, 2.

said Jesus, "they testify of Me." He appeals over and over again to these, as they were "read in their synagogues every Sabbath day." He comes "to fulfil the law and the prophets;" not "to destroy," but to pledge Himself that "heaven and earth should pass away, but His Word should not pass away." And reflect that *His words* confirm the Psalms, and all the prophets, including Job and Daniel and Isaiah; yes, and "the Scriptures" as a whole, as that phrase was understood by all the Jews. Their Masorites watched every letter in the volume of the Book. They kept it in rolls and parchments and costly envelopes, with tinkling bells and enrichments. The daughters of Jerusalem recalled the Psalms when they sat down by the rivers of Babylon; the Ethiopian proselyte carried Isaiah as a treasure, and read it as he returned to Candace his queen; Lydia and her faithful companions, not less by the waters of Macedonia,

recited the same law and the same Psalter, in a place *by the river side*, "where prayer was wont to be made." So not in synagogues only, but bound up and handed down by the circumcised race of Moses, were those Scriptures taught to Timothy by the holy women Lois and Eunice. If, in spite of all this, the Jews, to whom He came as the son of David, rejected Him, let us thank God for His glorious Intercession, "Father, forgive them," while we dwell on His tender expostulation and point to His accomplished prophecy. He says: "How often would I have gathered you . . . and ye would not! Behold your house is left unto you desolate. . . . And ye shall be led away captive into all nations: and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled."¹ Thank God for that word "until." Thank God for the hope for Ju-

¹ Compare St. Matthew xxiii. 34 and xxiv. to verse 28, and St. Luke xix. 41-44.

dah inspired by the incomparable prayer, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

But how like the "letting out of water" from a Holland dyke is the violation of the good rule, *Quieta non movere*. Take an example that illustrates the whole history of the "higher criticism" as against the highest. Take the crucial inquiry about *Kohelleth*, or the canonical Book of Ecclesiastes. A learned writer¹ who has done much to shed light on this and other Biblical questions, but with whose position on one point I cannot agree, gives us the following overwhelming statement as to the continuous and concurrent testimony of the Hebrews and of Christians in favour of its rightful place in Holy Writ: "It must be conceded, at the very outset, that no distinct evidence can be adduced of any doubts having been expressed as to the

¹ Dr. Ward on Ecclesiastes, pp. 80, 81. Ed. London, 1883.

Solomonic authorship of the book earlier than *the period of the Reformation*. The 'Seventy' and the Alexandrian Jews regarded it as the veritable production of the great monarch of Israel.¹ Luther, in his 'Table Talk,' was the first who *ventured distinctly to deny* the Solomonic authorship, and the great Dutch scholar, Hugo Grotius, *more than a century later*, was the first who ventured to *assign critical arguments*—not, it must be acknowledged, of the most cogent character—in support of that novel opinion." What then has a Christian to do with his opinion? To his credit, even Luther seems in later years to have abandoned the novelty; but when Grotius took it up with *rodent* genius, his fellow Hollander, Spinoza, rent the crevice into a *crevasse*,² and lo! "the brook became a river and the river became a sea," as happens so fre-

¹ Note XXIII.

² An Americanism learned from the *Créoles* of the Lower Mississippi.

quently in the Netherlands, even down to our times. But, continues our author, "Although the judgment of antiquity in favour of the Solomonic authorship *appears to have been unanimous,*" *etc.*:— Well, what more do we want? In a word, he finds reasons to dissent, goes back to what Luther could not maintain, and detracts from the value of his own important work by his surrender of this point to impugners of the sacred canon. Pray, how can he, in these days, know more about it than all the elders of the synagogue; than the "Seventy" and all their learned contemporaries; than the whole company of the apostles; nay, than our blessed Master Himself, and His Holy Church, for well-nigh twenty centuries? He shrinks from his own argument, apparently, when, after all, he modestly claims for it ¹ no more than that it is "highly probable."

It may be worth while to pause a minute

¹ Wright, *ut supra*, p. 109.

for some further inquiry as to so curious a phenomenon. What makes it "highly probable" against the torrent of all testimony and evidence? M. Renan, when he wished to sustain his idea that it teaches scepticism, vigorously supported the Church's traditions as to its author and its place in the canon; afterwards it suited him better to take a position directly the reverse. Now, let us note how easy it is for such a brilliant scholar to make out a case on either side of so great a matter, just as his caprice inclines him to this or that.

(1) The linguistic peculiarities of the work, its Aramaisms more especially, having been made a favourite argument against the testimony of antiquity, M. Renan thus decides: "When the question is to determine the age of different writings in Hebrew literature, this criterion (as to Aramaic words and phrases) should *never be*

employed without certain precautions.”¹ He *cannot conceive* of such works as the books of Job, *Koheleth*, and the Canticles, as having been created in the period of intellectual decadence which he ascribes to the Jews after the Captivity. He *hesitates not* to ascribe them to the epoch of Solomon, “a period so liberal and so brilliant in the history of Hebrew genius.”

(2) But what he *could not conceive of*, when he supposed a Canonical fact most likely to prove damaging to Christianity, he is quite satisfied to accept when inspired by another idea. And so, now “*it is certainly* to be reckoned among the more modern books of the Hebrew literature.” Its very language proves it to be *a modern book*; it and the Canticles are a few *profane pages* which have found their way into that “strange and admirable”

¹ I translate from the original, which Dr. Ward so generously supplies in his book, p. 117.

volume which is termed the Bible. More to the same effect.¹

But although these assertions as to the later origin of the Book give colour to Dr. Ward's own ingenious theory, he is too candid not to expose the perverse argumentation of M. Renan in its true character. He says: His "study" of this Book "has not thrown that light upon its age and character which might have been expected from a scholar of his celebrity. . . . As an article, his essay may be deemed brilliant; but judged as a contribution to the understanding of *Koheleth*, it is of little value, and must be characterized as *flippant*."

Dr. Ward's own pages contain abundant proof that nobody will ever be able to construct any theory on these principles of "higher criticism" which will put an end to the ceaseless inventions and ingenuities of successive authorities, each for himself

¹ Dr. Ward, *ut supra*, p. 126.

arriving at *certainlys* and *conclusivelys* and *finallys*, about which no two can come to any agreement. In the name of common sense, then, why protract such a discussion? What all antiquity sustains with unanimity down to the days of Martin Luther, in fact, down to the days of Grotius, presents not any difficulty for a score that must be encountered when one leaps from the *terra firma* of testimony and unanimity into the quicksand of speculation, or the quagmires of private judgment.

The Highest Criticism, on the other hand, (1) begins by accepting this unbroken testimony and consent, as resting on the authority of Christ himself, and the conclusive witness of His Church, enlightened by the immanency of the Holy Spirit. (2) Critical difficulties, greater or less, it examines reverently, under St. Peter's primary canon,¹ "Knowing this *first*—no prophecy of Scripture is of private inter-

¹ II. Peter i. 20, 21.

pretation. For no prophecy ever *came by the will of man*, but men spake from God, being moved by the Holy Ghost. (3) From any source it accepts light, or learned comment, which does not mar the integrity of the Book and is consistent with these canons of interpretation. (4) Nothing which it seems to say can be accepted as the true meaning, if it conflicts with less enigmatical Scriptures. (5) If the highest criticism meets an inexplicable difficulty, though this is contrary to all experience, it is content to say, Here is something on which we have no sufficient guide to pronounce our judgments; it is a "dark saying," to be reverently meditated upon, with the prayer, "Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins."

Now, all the difficulties of M. Renan and others, who will not accept these canons, grow out of their rejection of them, and out of their proud resolve to treat God's Holy Word "like any other book"—that

is, without reference to its character, its pre-eminent dignity, and the history which makes it wholly unlike any other book.

And where is any real difficulty in *Koheleth*, if we take it just as it is, and regard the latter chapters as "the conclusion of the whole matter," to which all previous reflections on the mysteries of our present state of being lead up the spirit of a man communing with his own heart, and seeking the rest which this practical conclusion alone supplies? It is a very useful part of Scripture, if made the material of meditation by a certain class of men, in exceptional experiences and certain states of mind. At the outset, it supplies a sequel to the marvellous history of Solomon, apart from which many painful riddles must afflict the believer. It completes his biography, and rounds his career into an intelligible whole. It implies his return to wisdom and his desire to bequeath to the young the lessons taught by his experience of

folly, and by the horrible retributions of his downfall. It is therefore a most striking sequel to the Proverbs, and enables us to read all his writings with the thought that he "died not as the fool dieth." Let other difficulties be set in the shining light of the "risen Day star," the Gospel of Christ, and all shadows disappear. That is the noontide glory that throws back its illumination upon the whole of the Old Testament, making all things clear for the practical Christian.

I have loved and studied *Kôheleth* from my youth up, and have found an unspeakable charm in its suggestiveness, answering to so many moods of mind and experiences of life. Where is its "pessimism" if one studies it under the canons I have named? Considered as Solomon's own legacy to the young man, it seems clear that he divests himself of his royalties and assumes the task of a preacher of righteousness, in sackcloth and as with ashes on his head, rebuking his own sins and making them preach a

warning to others. His constant reference to God is the token of his abhorrence of idolatry. In a most marked key-note of thoughts which inspired his song, he loathes his adulteries with "outlandish women"; with "the woman whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands." While he pleased God he "escaped her"; if he was "taken by her," it was because he was "a sinner." Among "a thousand"—among "all those" wives and concubines who are numbered as "a thousand"¹—"I have not found one woman"; not one fit to be called *a woman*; such as I have praised elsewhere, saying, "A gracious woman retaineth honour."² And so his *pessimistic* complaints, natural to even good men, in certain moods of mind, as in the case of Job, he records only to overrule them. This he does often by immediate and decisive contradiction; he reserves the rest for his majestic peroration, where, again,

¹ I. Kings xi. 3.

² Prov. xi. 16.

he falls into his familiar address, "And further, *my son*, by these be admonished." Blessed be God that Solomon repented before he died, and crowned all his wisdom by anticipating all the libraries that human wit should create, to the end of the world, and showing the comparative vanity of all the books that should be written—"Higher Criticism" and "Modern Thought" included—that should fail to impress the awful idea of the day of judgment, and the moral of its certain approach: "Fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man."

We come to the New Testament canon, which rests on the miracle of the resurrection, accomplishing prophecy. If we believe accordingly, the conclusion is plain. If we do not believe in Jesus and the resurrection, we are not Christians. Let men own this, and there is an end of it. The difficulty is with those who profess and

call themselves Christians, and yet surrender the Gospels and the Scriptures of the apostles to the enemies of Christ. Let me quote one of these enemies. He says:¹ "Jesus, the great Founder, laid the base of a new order of Humanity. . . . It is the same Jesus, who, by the sacred flame, of which he had deposited the kindling spark in the hearts of divers friends, creates institutions of *supreme originality*, animates and transforms their spirits, and stamps upon the whole His imprint divine. . . . Under this influence, ever actuating and triumphant over death, was developed the faith of the resurrection, of the influence of the Holy Spirit, the gift of tongues, and the power of the Church. . . . In Antioch, the new centre, we shall see Christianity separating itself definitely from Judaism and receiving its name." Dismissing the claims of the "superlatively great" St. Paul and of other apostles,

¹ "Les Apôtres," *ut supra*, p. i., Introduction.

he adds, "*Nothing is more false* than the opinion which in our days has become so fashionable, by which St. Paul must be accounted the true founder of the Christian religion. Its true Founder is Jesus." Such —I say it not irreverently—is the Gospel according to Renan. And thus even he reproves the "other gospel" which, among many teachers, who still boast themselves to be Christians, "has become so fashionable." But, observe, Renan, though more honest than they, yet pronounces Jesus Himself deceived, and a deceiver. By His own confession Jesus must be a second Adam, the founder of a new humanity. This youth of Nazareth, who dies upon the cross, with a *supreme originality*, creates institutions that have awakened the world to the light and life of a day to which all before it and beside it has been as night. And this He does by a mere spark, implanted in the bosoms of a few fishermen of Galilee. Reflect that He had founded no institutions

when He died; had implanted in His disciples' hearts nothing which they regarded as providing for such institutions; so that, in our view, all that Renan recognizes as the *supreme originality* of His work, though fully accounted for if He rose from the dead and sent His Holy Spirit upon His disciples, is a miracle not less than the resurrection itself, if, as he assumes, this be only a myth. Think of it! a dead Christ, and one withdrawn forever from sight, and leaving nothing but the impress of His words and His three years of personal intercourse upon them, he transforms mankind in nations, and throughout all the world. And yet, this wonder-working Jesus, according to this new evangel, was consciously guilty of fraud; "an Oriental without the Western sense of truth," and with a "lower standard of morality" than that which His own Gospel has impressed on Western nations! Verily, if all this be true, the miracle is as great as any recorded

by the evangelists,¹ and the disciple of Renan must struggle with a thousand improbabilities for one. Let us leave such to their task and rise to our own; in the power of a "faith which removes mountains" by the solid confession, "He rose from the dead, *according to the Scriptures.*" What followed, in the gift of the Holy Ghost, explains all that was done at Antioch, and nothing, not supernatural, can explain the facts which Renan himself allows, including the history of St. Paul. Miracle and prophecy both established by the resurrection of our Lord; the gift of the Holy Spirit assures us of Inspiration; and the Church as "the pillar and ground of the truth," its witness and keeper, establishes the canon. This or nothing: which? Renan gives us all we need ask

¹ See the "Christ of History," by John Young, LL.D., of Edinburgh, justly characterized as "a wise and severe application of the inductive method to gospels not disputed." And see his answer to Strauss, p. 257. Ed. New York, 1855.

to start with, and then bids us leap into a gulf with him; denying the resurrection, and asserting that this marvellous Jesus, the author of a regenerated humanity, owes his success to His complicity in a fraud about the resurrection of Lazarus. From this your conscience starts back, but there can be no compromise. The abyss is "the bottomless pit" itself; you cannot flatter yourself with "Modern Thought" and "Higher Criticism" that the abyss is like the cliffs of Dover, and that you may arrest yourself in the fall and hang

"Half-way down, like one that gathers samphire."

You can't be a disciple of Renan, or of those who adopt his processes while they recoil from his conclusions, without ceasing to be a Christian.

One fact I have noted, though always overlooked by the adversary, is all-important to the case: the fact that the Christian ministry had no existence when the Master

died on the cross. Even their ministry to "the circumcision," which, till then, was the only commission of the Eleven and of the Seventy, was dissolved when Jesus cried, "It is finished." The disciples returned to their nets, with no further thought of being "fishers of men"; nor did they, till the day of Pentecost, begin to comprehend their new mission to the Jews themselves, much less that they had any mission to the Gentiles. Only the vision at Joppa brought light to the eyes of St. Peter and sent him to open the gates of the Church to the nations by the baptism of Cornelius. The existence and the succession of the Christian ministry, therefore, must be accounted for in some other way, *as has never been done*, or we must hold to the recorded facts, which alone are sufficient to account for such a visible phenomenon. That is to say, we must accept the resurrection of the Lord Jesus to found the apostolic ministry, and the mission of the

Comforter to qualify and to perpetuate it. This "original institution" was the inheritor of the Old Testament canon; and it alone was empowered to create and to accredit the New. Reflect, then, that if this be true, the collection of these Scriptures was rendered a comparatively simple task, when it was left to the stewardship of the Church.

The Church confided in the presence and power of the Spirit to guide them into all truth; but understood, as well, that in matters of fact they must use their own faculties and proceed by rules of evidence known and read of all men. The chief difficulties were two: (1) the existence of books, or writings, some edifying and others grossly fraudulent, which were imagined, by some, to be Scriptures, or at least *quasi* Scriptures; and (2) the fact that for local and particular purposes a measure of the Spirit had been poured out upon private "young men and hand-

maidens," and might possibly have furnished a foundation for such claims of *quasi* Scriptural value. But the rule was clear, (1) that only the apostles, and persons by them accredited, were teachers of *the whole Church*; and (2) that only such writings as could be identified as apostolic, by having been read and handed down as such in churches founded by the apostles, were Holy Scriptures. By this rule the Church "tried the spirits" of all claimants, and as a "discerner of spirits," "took forth the precious from the vile," and thus became as "the mouth" of the Lord Himself, speaking with authority. "He that hath ears to hear let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

But, it is objected, the Canon was formed gradually, not without delays of judgment, and while "some doubted," as in the case of the resurrection itself. Yes; and as in that case the honest doubts and avowed hesitation of St. Thomas and others worked

for "the greater confirmation of the faith," and proved the faith itself a different thing from superstition and credulity, so, by the sifting of evidence and the hearing of witnesses, kept up through times of perpetual persecutions, the sacred canon was verified and settled beyond all peradventure.

What then would you prefer to this sober process by testimony and evidence? Should it be golden plates dug up out of the earth, and read by a miraculous crystal? That was a "modern thought" indeed, and has suited thousands in our times, but it may be left to the Mormons to defend it. Or, should each writing have come to us accredited by the testimony only of its author, as having been approved by a miracle from heaven? We leave that to the earliest evangelist of "modern thought," Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Or finally, should the whole question have been referred to the wit of M. Renan and others of the nineteenth

century, who fancy themselves better qualified and better situated for exercising judgment, than the Fathers of the sub-apostolic age? This seems to be the pet idea of the Great Unknown who wrote on "Supernatural Religion;" but even he does not point out how soon these great scholars, including himself, may be expected to come to an agreement. They have been sifting and cutting and carping from the days of the learned Bahrddt until now; and lo! the twentieth century will be upon us before any two of the "higher critics" are likely to reach an agreement. *Adhuc sub judice lis est.*

Let us then heartily praise God that His Church did not leave "the lively oracles" to be collected by men "having not the Spirit," and according to the caprices of such men well-nigh two thousand years too late for the accumulation of competent testimony.

Tertullian, himself a jurist expert in

Roman law, tells us how carefully the evidence was collected ; and how a result was reached satisfactory to all candid men, and such as *from the beginning, everywhere, and by all the churches*, was accepted, at the earliest possible date. One cannot but be amazed at the patient energy which, amid raging fires of persecution, pursued and accomplished this work ; nor should we forget how God overruled the persecutions themselves to consume the dross and to bring forth the gold of His Word “ seven times tried with fire.” For the persecutors very soon discovered that the Church had holy books, and they became witnesses to this fact by making inquisition for them, burning and destroying all they could gather. At the same time, the Church itself was made to discriminate the more strictly. Every Christian was anxious to understand what books he might surrender and what he must hold dearer than life itself. The blood of the martyrs thus sealed their testi-

mony to the writings of apostles and evangelists. The supreme court of primitive Christendom tried the case in the times when evidence was abundant, and was virtually that contemporary evidence which jurists pronounce (*fortissima*) the most invincible. Thus, from this tribunal, the only competent court of record, our Bible comes to us an adjudged case, never to be opened again, because in the nature of things it cannot be; and because among the books that men accept from antiquity, this comes to us accredited by a hundred testimonies to one, if compared with all the rest.

And to this we are firmly bound, moreover, by the test of its history since the apostolic age; a legitimate supplementary argument. How does it stand? But for this Bible, where would have been the wiseacres who rail and write against it? Themselves, at best, idolaters with Socrates, or grosser pagans, like the persecuting

Antonines or the apostate Julian. More probably, not by any means so good, but barbarians and savages to this day. Try this test. What has been the influence of the Bible in proportion as it has been known and loved, upon the individual, the state, the world? Just in proportion *as it has been made to penetrate their intellectual and moral life*, what has been the result? To ask the question is to answer it. Behold the leaven which the Church has "hid in three measures of meal," the three families of the world; and behold the process still going on till *the whole shall be leavened*. And if you would recognize the true Church, and its true ministers, take another parable—a parable of fact: We recognize the yearning bowels of the true mother, not in one who would give over this Bible to the knife, but in the voice which cries out, "In no wise slay it."

Pitiable indeed is the position of any professional teacher of Christianity, to

whom his Bible is of problematical value ; who knows nothing of a living Church¹ which gives him an accredited Bible as the “sure word of prophecy” which “cannot be broken,” and which he possesses as the Word of God, able to make both him and his hearers “wise unto salvation.” The preacher, not merely a professional adventurer, but one who comes with a commission, who believes in the Book from which he takes his text, and with all his heart and life commends it to his hearers, as St. Paul and all the shining lights of Christendom have presented it since the era of light was begun—such a teacher cannot but inspire respect. But, what is he but “sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal” who appears before his auditors in this last decade before the twentieth century of Illumination, to assure them that this sacred library is yet a book of scattered leaves, alike in matter and in measure, unsettled, unde-

¹ Like bewildered Menken. See p. 140, *supra*.

finer, and only to be accepted as he undertakes to determine or as the interminable confusions of "modern thought" may be gradually sifted and the result accredited by himself and by others not less infallible.

The world cannot listen to such men as Bahrdt and Nicolai, without again running down to "pessimism," which in its ultimate forms means not that of poor Schopenhauer, but the more practical pessimism of Danton and Robespierre, with a reign of terror at the end. Society itself is doomed to perish in strikes and insurrections and anarchy, if we take for leaders men who, owing their culture to the Bible and to Christian schools, use it to rob the multitude of all that gives power to conscience, restrains their passions, and comforts them in their sorrows. Take the recent example of one who, kindly welcomed by Americans to their halls and homes, repays us by scorning our most precious treasures, our holiest instincts, and our hereditary Faith.

He goes to utmost California before he casts off the restraints of decorum and tells us what he is. He climbs Mt. Hamilton to behold the heavens through the great eye of the Lick Observatory; and this inspires him with little else than a paroxysm of railing against Christianity, which he seems to imagine was the author of the ancient astronomy. He mocks at the "old Christianity"; but pray what "Christianity" is not old? How can Christ's work be modern? Alas! in the "Modern Thought" of this lecturer there is no "Christianity" left, as I proceed to show.

It has been the glory of the Church, as of the people, of England from remote antiquity, that in honouring the Dominical Sabbath and God's Holy Word, they were even singular among Western churches. "Thou hast kept my Word and hast not denied my name." That message of the Master to an early bishop seems to have been her honour in very dark days, and the consequent

blessing has not been denied her. Her Bible is no "Protestant Bible," as her enemies do vainly boast. It comes to us from kings and priests, a growth and not a creation; always "with former versions diligently compared and revised." And her laity, from Alfred down to "Old John of Gaunt—time-honoured Lancaster," have ever been its defenders and its lovers. I am sorry that times have changed, and that now some who call themselves Englishmen fail to see that the sun will set on the dominions of their sovereign if ever the sunshine of the Scriptures shall be dimmed or withdrawn. I am sorry that such Englishmen sometimes visit us; and that sons of her universities and heirs of her scholarship, from whom we might expect contributions to our stability, bring us, rather, solvents and corrosives; as if we had not enough of that already; as if our republic were not threatened by immigrant anarchy of the most ignoble sort, and as if England

had a mission not to correct it by her sober thought, but rather to kindle and inflame it, adding fuel to fire. In concluding what I have to say of Holy Writ, as still very precious to our countrymen, I must illustrate my reflections upon English intrusion and aggression of this sort, by what I have said of Germany, under the popular influences of mountebanks who debauch the popular mind. Renan, with his subtilities and refinements, has hardly been felt by the masses; but when an itinerant lecturer of repute comes from England to translate and to transfuse him, he scatters among us "firebrands, arrows, and death." For example, Renan had spoken—with little credit to his candour, for he knows better—of "the rage of the Church against Copernicus, *Giordano Bruno*, and Galileo." But when an English disciple of his, accepting all this no doubt for true, comes to America and gives us Renan at second-hand, but with his own intensified and (I must add) *unre-*

*fin*ed additions, the populace swallow it, of course; especially when dealt to them broadcast in the columns of a journal that goes everywhere.¹ Let us see Renan in English, with the benefit of such a scholiast. He says:

“The general mind, perhaps, hardly realizes, even at this day, what a tremendous blow was dealt at human self-conceit and to the Ptolemaic religions founded to suit it by the discovery of Galileo. Well might the priests of the old orthodoxies stand aghast at him, and even go so dreadfully far as to burn the gentle and wise Giordano Bruno! At a stroke the Florentine astronomer’s ejaculation, ‘*E pur si muove!*’ swept away all the theology of Dante and his sacerdotal doctors, made the cosmology of the ‘Divine Comedy’ impossible and grotesque, and dethroned the race and the planet.”

Now Renan knew very well, what his scholiast apparently does not, (1) that the Roman Inquisition is not the Christian

¹ Letter of Sir Edwin Arnold. See the *Herald* of April 24, 1892.

Church, nor are the Jesuits "priests of the *old orthodoxies*." (2) He knew that Giordano Bruno was not burned for his science, but for his Lutheranism, which he vented in a manner neither "gentle nor wise." He was a splendid satirist and a "good hater," though nothing can justify his tormentors in their cruelty. They dreaded his heresy far more than they hated his philosophy; for (3) Galileo was somewhat indulgently treated, while a Lutheran was fuel for flames, as a matter of course. All this our scholiast might have learned from that ornament of his own university, the late Dr. Whewell, whose calm and judicial survey of the whole subject proves, like Lightfoot's work in another department, how cool and how just an ecclesiastic can be, while laymen seem ready to renew burning and torturing, as bigots of "modern thought" and "higher criticism." But let me recur to our scholiast. He says: "Old-fashioned Christianity had taught

that our world was the centre of things, round which the sun revolved, for the sake of which the stars were hung up like Japanese lanterns in the firmament, and in direct relation to which all the forces of infinite space were established."

But all this our scholiast reminds us was "*exploded* by Copernicus and Galileo." Why does he not put it into the form of truth and justice by adding, "Yes, by Galileo, who was a Christian, and by Copernicus, *who was a Christian priest*"? And now, let me remind him that neither "old Christianity" nor "modern Christianity" has ever taught anything of the kind; for in all its teaching on such subjects, it has simply *reflected what science claimed to have demonstrated*; what was *forced upon* it as such. It was not the Church, certainly, that overruled the true theory in the times of Pythagoras or Plato. Not she defined the counter-theories maintained by Aristotle *three hundred years*

before the Incarnation. When Hipparchus consolidated these counter-theories, and with brilliant reasoning sustained and completed them a hundred and fifty years before Christ's birth, it was not "old-fashioned Christianity," surely, that made the earth the centre, and hung up the "Japanese lanterns." If so, certainly neither miracle nor prophecy is impossible. And when, in the second century, and under the scientific Antonines, Christianity was withering, like Laocoon and his sons, in the environment of cruel persecutions (her only philosopher, Justin Martyr, being fully occupied with his appeals to the emperors to desist from their philosophic bigotry and inquisition), was Ptolemy, the final editor and asserter of the Hipparchian system, a Christian? Was he a priest of our religion? He was an adherent of the Antonines, and for his day a brilliant scientist; so brilliant, that his system—which the scholiast asserts "priests constructed"—main-

tained itself for thirteen centuries more. Indeed, it died so hard that scientists of the greatest eminence kept it up for a century longer, after the priest Copernicus had *exploded* it, and Galileo, a Christian, strove in vain to finish it by "a stroke" and by his ejaculation "*E pur si muove.*" Where did this Cambridge scholiast learn his history of the sciences? Surely not of Whewell. No, nor of Rawlinson.¹ But even Professor Driver and Archdeacon Farrar, who eat the Church's bread, but dilute the truths they have sworn to defend, are not "bold" enough for him. Let us hear him complain again, not now of "old Christianity," but of "higher criticism" and "modern thought," of whose hierophants he says:

"The boldest and truest, even, have not yet come into step with 'star-eyed science.' These ancient, mediæval, and so-called orthodox absurdities of a local 'hell' and 'heaven,' and Joshua's miracle, and of Heze-

¹ See his "Herodotus," Book II., cap. 7, p. 277 of vol. ii. Ed. New York, 1859.

kiah's reprieve linger still, like our popular expressions of 'sunrise' and 'sunset,' and the belief in the Mosaic cosmogony. Christianity itself has not yet sufficiently assimilated Copernican and Darwinian doctrines. When it does it will earnestly thank science for showing how much more glorious it is to be 'least in the kingdom of heaven' than greatest in that petty sub-kingdom of nature which the *priests constructed*, and of how much nobler promise to be a descendant of a mollusk and afterward of an ape, with all the heights of creation to ascend to, than a creature suddenly made out of clay to occupy a garden."

So, then, all who stop short of blasphemy like this are "behind the age." This scholiast has swept away Christianity with a flourish of his pen, surpassing Galileo himself. He is the author of a new creed, which rests on his own uninspired thought and the assurance *I think*, a substitute for the Christian's *we believe*. And here, in few words, is the new creed of the new religion:

"Astronomy, I positively indeed think, is the chief present hope of humanity, the

best teacher of real and practical religion, which will redeem men from the folly of materialism by showing matter as infinite and as spiritual as spirit itself."

Surely in this Creed we must recognize the *human element* as superior to the Divine, if we respond *Amen*.

But such is not the astronomy of Copernicus, that *exploded* the "star-eyed science" of ages; it is the *succedaneum* for Divine revelation, to be taken on one man's word of honour, I *think*; nay, on his solemn affirmation, "I *positively indeed* think." After this, from one who has glorified Buddha, and received from his sovereign the "Star of India," and from the King of Siam the decoration of the "White Elephant," what room is there for doubt? On this assurance he expects us to forsake the Star of Bethlehem and to go back to the East for the "Light of Asia," reversing the course of the wise men who came from the East to behold "the Light of the World." It is

amusing to follow him in prescribing a pilgrimage to the Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton, in California—"from the pretty, half-Spanish town of San José, not farther than thirteen miles, *as the crow flies*." Here, then, is the Mecca of the new religion of which he is the evangelist, and of which he is persuaded "positively indeed." What comfort for the savages in darkest Africa! Such is the illumination they require. They have only to look through a telescope, and consult Kepler's Laws, Newton's "Principia," or the "Mécanique Céleste" of Laplace, to be made "wise unto salvation." And what satisfaction it must bring to the cottager and peasant in his own Christian England! No more Bible and Prayer-book; no more Easter and Christmas: the Lick Observatory has superseded the cross of Christ, and Mt. Hamilton eclipses Calvary. Oh, bleeding Lamb of God! this from one baptized into Thy blessed Name; from one who has heard from infancy the

story of the Passion; who has read the prophecy of Isaiah and compared it with what Pontius Pilate said of Jesus; and "before whose eyes" the Evangelist has set the Saviour of mankind in the incomparable portraiture: "Then came Jesus forth wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe."

The history of astronomical science has always seemed to me one of the strongest proofs of the wisdom of God, in relegating science to philosophers, and leaving to them what He had made them able to do for themselves. For, in the first place, had Moses talked like Pythagoras, we see from the history of this sage of science that it would not have been accepted by scientific men, and would have hindered the far more important work which Moses was sent to accomplish, and by which human knowledge itself has been enlarged. The Pentateuch would have been a scandal to Hebrews, greater than all that provoked their unbelief in Revelation, even when it condemned

their "hardness of heart"; and Gentiles would have mocked at their credulity, as vastly greater than their own, in accepting what their eyes contradicted every day. When, besides this "hidden wisdom," one finds so much cryptic philosophy in the silence of Scripture; such eloquence in what it does *not* say; such forethought in what it so says as to harmonize with true science; when at last men should discover the astounding contrivance of God, the glory of His invention, and His prescience as the Author of all creation—who can hesitate to see in all this the infinite knowledge and wisdom which accounts for it all? And when one compares the Scriptures, written by so many men, by men so different in attainment and capacity, and separated by such vast intervals of time, how wonderful it is that the Old Testament is nowhere committed to the grotesque systems of the Hindus, nor the New to the scientific theories which were solidified by Hipparchus!

And here let me recur to the pains taken by that unknown sage whose relations to Lightfoot are far more ignoble than those of Ptolemy to Copernicus. I must thank him for furnishing an argument for Revelation which all good men have felt, but which good men have had no taste to illustrate by details.

The jackal and the hyæna exult in preying upon the decay and putridity of bodies which may once have been beautiful in womanhood, or majestic as the framework of the soul in noble men. And so this unknown and *exhaustive* author has indeed exhausted time and a persevering faculty for scientific filth or foibles, gathering and showing up the infirmities of Christian Fathers, to whose preponderating grandeur of intelligence he owes it that he himself is not as ignorant as they were; taking, as they did, the scientists of their age for masters, but teaching those better things which the world by wisdom could not know.

And while he works with relish at this fact, that the very best and some of the wisest of men fell into such absurdities and marvellous scientific mistakes while they trusted their own senses or the science of their contemporaries, he never seems to see the fact that nothing of the kind is found in Holy Scripture, and that this goes far to prove that its authors wrote indeed "as they were moved" by the Spirit of Wisdom; even when they used the idioms of the unlearned and yet shunned the splendid ignorance of philosophers, whose theories could captivate Aristotle and overcome the science of Plato and of Tully.

If itinerant lecturers from abroad lose their self-respect when they come among us so far as to insult our American reverence for the Common English Bible and the Common Prayer of our forefathers, let them reflect that from Mother England we inherit also the Common Law, and that through it we derive our social fabric and

the noble inheritance of our free constitution. Let them at least show some respect for the law of the land, which I must now commend to your hearts and minds as giving honour to Holy Writ and defining our civilization as distinctively Christian. If there be any name among our eminent jurists more honoured than the rest, perhaps I may justly claim that distinction for one whose commentaries are quoted in courts of justice wherever the English language is spoken. Where the Northern Crown shines in the night-watches over England and America, it reminds us of Bunyan's angel holding such a crown over the sordid soul with his muck-rake, and appealing to his conscience to "set his affections on things above"; and where the Southern Cross meets the gaze of the Australians, it teaches them the Christian astronomy "which declares the glory of God" in the firmament that "showeth His handiwork." Alike near Arctic and Antarctic poles, and

all around the globe, the Common Law sustains the Christian civilization of the Anglo-Saxon family; and wherever such law is recognized, there our Chancellor Kent is known as an authority and is quoted as we quote Blackstone. Hear, then, his clear statements, delivered from the bench seventy years ago; and reflect that the law as he lays it down has been over and over again affirmed anew, in the revised constitutions and statutes of the State of New York.

Seventy years ago, in defence of laws which since then, I say, have been over and over again re-enacted,¹ he thus ruled:

“The act concerning oaths recognizes the Common Law mode of administering an oath—by laying the hand on and kissing the Gospels. Surely, then, we are bound to conclude that wicked and malicious words, writings, and actions, which go to vilify those Gospels, continue—as at Common Law—to be *an offence against the public peace and safety*. They are in-

¹ See Note XXIV.

consistent with the reverence due to the administration of an oath, and among their other evil consequences they tend to lessen, in the public mind, its religious sanction."

It had been argued that by the Common Law "Christianity is parcel of the law of the land, and that to cast contumelious reproaches upon it tends to weaken the foundation of moral obligation and the efficiency of oaths." But to this the counsel for the offender objected that—"as here we have no established religion, the Bible is no more protected by law than the Creed of Thibet or that of the Koran." This sophism was soon disposed of by the court. It was ruled as follows:

"Authorities show that blasphemy against God and profane ridicule of the Holy Scriptures are offences punishable at Common Law. Such offences have always been considered independent of any establishment or the rights of the Church. *They are treated as affecting the essential interests of civil society.* . . . The very idea of jurisprudence, with the ancient law-

givers and philosophers, embraced the religion of the country. . . . The free, equal, and undisturbed enjoyment of religious opinion, whatever it may be, is granted and assured by the Constitution of this State. But to revile with blasphemous contempt *the religion professed by almost the whole community* is an offence against that right. . . . Nor are we bound by any expressions in the Constitution, either not to punish at all, or to punish indiscriminately, like assaults on the religion of Mahomet, or the Grand Lama; and for this reason, that the case shows *we are a Christian people; the morality of the country is deeply ingrafted upon Christianity.*"

It seems, then, that we have sacred institutions which one who accepts our hospitalities is bound to respect. Dogmatic theology is, indeed, credited by our Constitution with the privilege of taking care of itself; but over and over again has it been ruled by our courts, that the civilization of our republic is a Christian civilization; that our social fabric rests on the Law of Moses as transformed by the New Testament, and wrought into the enlight-

ened conscience of Christian nations by ages of experience.

But to dispossess Americans of these recognized axioms of jurisprudence is not only to revolutionize us, but to subject us to chronic revolutions like those of Mexico and South America, where republics that have not the Bible are our sufficient warning, if we are not unwise. I know my duty as a Christian bishop in speaking to the youth of a Christian university, and through them to my native land. I have spoken, heretofore, not wholly in vain, to my countrymen, in behalf of our "Common English Bible,"¹ and now let me conclude by quoting again, as I did five-and-thirty years ago, the memorable words of an English pervert, who could not forget the blessed Word "which his mother taught him," though he had left the Church, his true mother, and sat down "by

¹ "Apology for the Common English Bible," p. 74. Third edition, Baltimore and New York, 1857.

the rivers of Babylon to weep when he remembered Zion." That Bible, the product of ages, of saints and scholars, and of devout princes, was once his own. He could not forget that it is the corner-stone of English literature, the chief standard of our language, the purest "well of English undefiled"; nor had he lost the faculty to appreciate its place in the moral and religious life of a great nation. Thank God, his "right hand had not forgotten its cunning," nor did his tongue "cleave to the roof of his mouth" when he could utter words like these:

"It lives in the ear like music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of the church-bell which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities often seem to be almost *things* rather than mere *words*. It is part of the national mind and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the gifts and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his

best moments; and all that there has been about him of soft and gentle and pure and penitent and good speaks to him forever out of the English Bible. It is his sacred thing which doubt has never dimmed and controversy never soiled. In the length and breadth of the land, there is not a Protestant with one spark of righteousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible."

Here are *suspiria de profundis* indeed; but I adopt them as worthy to be followed by a *Gloria in Excelsis*. Not till Latin Christendom is blest, in every nation, with its Bible in the vulgar tongue, of which something similar may be said, can the Latin churches regain Catholicity. The first bishop of Rome was able to say to his fellow-Christians of the East: "Ye understand, beloved, ye well understand the Holy Scriptures, and have looked very earnestly into the oracles of God." To what Church in all his communion can the Roman patriarch now address these words? St. Clement might go on and quote to his

successor the text¹ which he applied to others in his day: "I held forth my words, and ye regarded not; I called, and ye did not hear." But these words are our Bible; and if, as a mere man of the world, I could appreciate, in its force of truth as well as in that of its beauty, the eulogy I have quoted, I should be constrained to say, What can a nation possess, what can science give, what can astronomy supply to the hearts and lives of men, to be compared with such a Bible? Until bereft of conscience, I should be forced to rest happy in the conviction that nobody can be justified in disturbing any people reposing in the sweet assurance that such a Bible is Eternal Truth. Let them alone, I should say, in the enjoyment of convictions so innocent and so sweet. What other safeguard can I furnish, if this be withdrawn, to the inexperience of youth and of virtuous womanhood? What other

¹ Proverbs i. 23-31.

balsam for the heart's wounds; what other cordial amid calamities; what other deterrent from crime; in a word, what other gospel answering to all the wants of humanity in life, in death, and beyond the grave? If I were hard-hearted enough to pluck a babe from the bosom of maternal love and tenderness, and give it to be nursed by the she-wolf of ancient fable, even yet I should pause before I could take away from a whole people, fathers, mothers, young men and maidens, and from lispng childhood, the confidence of the apostle when he exclaimed, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of Eternal Life."

My young brethren of Kenyon College, I have pointed you, in these lectures, to two classes of our fellow-men; to their contrasted lives and the utterly diverse influences they have exercised on times and peoples. Your own career, I trust, will be fulfilled in the coming age, in the

twentieth century. Choose ye, this day, by God's help, what it shall be in its ends, its aims, in its relation to your country and to your Maker. It should be unselfish, heroic, soldier-like—yes, like that of soldiers, “whose business 'tis to die.” Says one who knows too well the emptiness of a life shaped by other maxims: “The most logical attitude of the *thinker*, in the presence of religion, is *to act as though it were true*.” “One should *behave* as though God and the soul existed.” Whose experience dictates this as the philosophy of life? Of course every believer's—but, I believe in the depths of my soul, every infidel's not less—when daylight dies away from him, and the shadows of the Dark Valley begin to appall. For he who says this is the brilliant Renan, the same unhappy man whose genius and perpetual endeavour it has been to double-damn his countrymen, delivering them over again to a reign of terror and despair.¹

¹ Note XXV.

“Behave as if God and the soul existed . . . act as though religion were true.” So says the Christian to him who exclaims, “Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief”; and so say even the worst of men to all who are in peril of becoming as miserable as they. Assume, therefore, the truth of Holy Writ, and begin to shape your life accordingly, if only by saying daily the Lord’s Prayer. You will find it the only prescription that imparts to the young man wisdom and understanding—the wisdom that inspires a true manliness, and makes ignoble thoughts and habits repulsive to taste as well as to conscience. This alone tempers youthful passion, and supplies purity to thought and deed. It yields in contact and conflict with men the most elevated rules of conduct; supplies to infirmity and decay a firm support; affords an animating assurance in the prospect of death. If, in thus “acting as if religion were true,” you find it the base of nearly

everything that elevates society; that ameliorates the condition of the poor and suffering; that dissuades from crime and restrains the hand of violence; that knits together the extremes of human estate, making us "members one of another"; becomes, in short, the source and spring of all that realizes "the bonds of love, the cords of a man"—if, I say, as you press on, and work up, and patiently refuse to despair, you find yourself forced to recognize that nothing is more strengthening than that great law of Christian endeavour—"None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself"—then, surely, you will have solved every difficulty and conquered every doubt. You will have learned that this Gospel of Christ, and this only, has been the inspiration of science, of thought, of discovery, of invention, of judgment in counsel and efficiency in action, of progressive freedom, of rational liberty and social happiness, of all that makes a

people truly great. But you will feel yet more deeply that, while such are its incidental blessings, its primary object and concern is to regenerate humanity at the core; to cut out the ulcer and deformity of sin; to implant a new heart; to make us the children of God and heirs of immortality. So then, at least in the little sphere of our personal work and influence, we shall leave this world the better for that we have lived and laboured in it. It may be ours, through much of trial and self-discipline,

“To scorn delights and live laborious days;”
and so to accomplish some great work that makes life a victory and death a triumph; but let us be content if only we may dry some tears from mortal eyes, waken here and there a sordid soul to shake off his bondage and walk as a child of the Day; if only we may “do with our might what our hand findeth to do,” in the discharge of duty.

To you, as just putting on the har-

ness, with all happy possibilities before you, let me commend those maxims of the Christian Tully, with which he sounded his trumpet for a fresh advance of the apostolic army, just as Constantine gave peace to the suffering Church and brought upon her the enervating peril of friendship with the world. "If life is a thing to be coveted," he says, "by one who is wise, verily for no other object should I desire to live than that I may achieve somewhat that is useful and worthy of a lifetime." And again, looking to life's goal, afar or near at hand as the case may be, he adds: "I shall feel that I have truly lived and have discharged my duty as a man, if only some souls, freed from error by my effort, have been directed into the way that leads to heaven." So speaks Lactantius.

So may you put on your armour, and so lay it aside. You will thus have made yourself the fellow-soldier of one whose incomparable work for his fellow-men was

crowned at last, by going forth and suffering for Christ, without the gate, bearing His reproach. You may visit the scene of his martyrdom, on the Ostian road, under the walls of Rome. As you stand there, you will seem to read his epitaph: "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the Faith." But there is one spot in ancient Rome which I own impressed me yet more. It marks the site of Nero's Circus, where so many Christian heroes had been burned in coats of pitch and sulphur in the tyrant's vain attempt to extirpate the Christian name. That spot is marked by a simple monolith, the obelisk brought from Egypt, of which everybody has read. Reared, as it were, over prostrate idolatry, and surmounted by a simple cross, it is inscribed with a text from the Apocalypse which is at once a history and a prophecy: *Vicit Leo e tribu Judæ*—"The Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath prevailed."

NOTES.

I.

General Note.—In preparing these lectures for publication, I have given them, as far as possible, a special adaptation to the wants of young men in our colleges and universities. During the year that slipped away (before the authorities in charge were ready to put the lectures to press) I was shocked by the irreligion of some of our professional educators, and of a popular lecturer from abroad who undertook to inculcate contempt for Christianity in writing about the Lick Observatory, in California. The president of our greatest university eulogized the polygamous Mormons, and, though a son of New England, compared favourably the nomadic adventures of "Joe Smith" and his miserable dupes with those of the pious Brewster and the "Pilgrim Fathers." And one, who has subsequently been elevated to the presidency of Cornell, visiting the city where I dwell, on a public occasion uttered words of contempt for Holy Scripture, which I took

occasion as publicly to rebuke. To such corrupters of truth and morality our young men are sent by the thousand, to be formed and framed for life; and what can be looked for as the result but suicidal pessimism?

As I shall have occasion to add several notes on this subject to this more general one, I herewith present young men with a chronological table illustrating the relations of modern and ancient scientists to the fabulous astronomy which Copernicus exploded, and which Renan and others are never tired of charging upon Christianity. It was science itself which for ages before and after the Incarnation tied and bound the human mind to a most intricate and yet a most specious invention of its own. To this men of science clung with a bigotry the most passionate and persistent; rejecting, over and over again, the investigation of the heliocentric theory, and clinging to empiricism so superstitiously that Copernicus was afraid to publish his discoveries, far more on their account than from any fear of religious persecution. He was *himself an ecclesiastic*, and dedicated his work to his Latin patriarch, invoking his protection against men of science. Nor is this all, for men of science *the most eminent, and deservedly so*, still resisted the true phi-

losophy for a century and a half longer. In England the learned *Bishop Wilkins* was almost its only conspicuous defender in the first decades of the seventeenth century, and he did more than any professed scientist to teach it to his countrymen and to us. But here are the tabulated facts:

TABLE.

1. (B.C. 555-497.) Pythagoras and his disciples taught the heliocentric system. Philolaus of Crotona (B.C. 374) and Aristarchus the Samian (B.C. 400) defended it.

2. (B.C. 429-347.) Plato, taught by Pythagoras, cautiously hinted it in his *Timæus*, and Aristotle recognized it as Plato's view, which he himself seems not to have accepted.

3. (B.C. 160-127.) Hipparchus not only rejected the heliocentric theory, but collecting and formulating empirical ideas, produced the useful and for the age most brilliant system of cycle and epicycle, which by its apparently satisfactory results became the science of "Modern Thought," and *held the human mind in bondage for fifteen centuries*; philosophers riveting it upon the intelligence of their times successively by their devotion to established science, and necessarily imparting it to the

divines: for it was the apparent duty of ecclesiastics humbly and gratefully to accept science from others who made it their trade.

4. (B.C. 106-43.) Cicero understood the heliocentric theory, and, with his customary clearness, he thus expounds it:

“Hicetas of Syracuse supposed, according to Theophrastus, that the sky, the sun, the moon, the stars—in a word, all things overhead—are immovable, and that in the universe only the earth is in motion, turning on its axis with extreme velocity, producing the same appearances which would result if the earth were immovable and the heavens in motion. *Some philosophers consider Plato as sustaining the same opinion in his Timæus*, though not without reserve.” I translate from the Paris edition of 1817, vol. xxi., p. 371., *Quæst. Academ.*, liber ii. 39.

5. (B.C. 100-44.) Julius Cæsar, by the aid of science as it stood, rectified the calendar, but without any reference to the system to which Cicero had pointed.

6. (A.D. 130-161.) The philosophic Antonines were fiercely persecuting the Christians, when Ptolemy, of the Alexandrian schools, by his brilliant improvements upon Hipparchus, gave the geocentric system a new birth, as “Modern Thought.” It was

now called by his name. The Church naturally accepted it as "science." Justin Martyr, our only philosopher of that age, and the first to claim philosophy for Christ, was nevertheless too busy in persuading philosophers to cease from persecuting his brethren, to give much attention to astronomy.

7. (A.D. 115-181.) Theophilus of Antioch becomes the founder of the science of "Biblical Chronology." Hales praises him for the degree of accuracy he attained, and Usher for his delicate sense of his deficiencies. (See "Ante-Nicene Fathers," vol. ii., pp. 87-120, ed. Buffalo, 1885.) The Tübingen school discredit his authorship of some of the writings attributed to him; but I adopt from Zahn the date 170 A.D. as the period at which he flourished. He adheres to earlier Alexandrian computations, but deserves mention before I reach the next name.

8. (A.D. 200-245.) Julius Africanus, "the ornament of the age in which he lived," shows that, amid constant trials and persecutions, the great Christian school of Alexandria was pursuing scientific chronology, in reliance on the scientists of the age. (See "Ante-Nicene Fathers," *ut supra*, vol. vi., pp. 123-140.)

9. (A.D. 325.) The Alexandrian patri-

archate was now the seat of such astronomical science as had been recognized by heathen philosophers, and to its bishops the Council of Nicæa confided the task of the annual computation of Easter, which they were to proclaim every year to the Catholic Churches at the season of the Epiphany. Under Constantine, therefore, astronomical science was diligently cultivated at Alexandria, in humble submission to the "Modern Thought" of Ptolemæus. The Easter Tables in our Prayer-Books are specimens of their methods of computation, and of their admirable use of the science of their times.

10. (A.D. 130-1543.) From Ptolemy to Copernicus is justly called a "stationary period." Dr. Whewell thus describes it: "It is a proof of *the feebleness and servility of intellect* in this period, that no one was found to try the fortune of the heliocentric hypothesis, according to the *improved astronomical knowledge of the time*." (See Whewell, "Inductive Sciences," vol. i., p. 259, ed. New York, 1858.) Ptolemy had *improved* it, and as his improvements *seemed to confirm* the geocentric theory, and to secure the results then considered "practical," all the world acquiesced in it. Christianity was engaged in converting the heathen to Christ, and cultivated science only as it was

taught by those who professed this noble vocation.

11. (A.D. 640.) By order of Caliph Omar, his generals burned the great library of Alexandria, and Christian learning seemed to perish. But the Arabs accepted it, and proved good trustees of the treasure, though they added little to its store. (See Whewell, *ut supra*.)

12. (A.D. 1194-1250.) Frederick II., "*Stupor Mundi*," was crowned over the "Holy Roman Empire," A.D. 1215. He was a philosopher, and learned even beyond his times, but persecuted Christians for "heresies," and adhered to the superstitions of the age, cultivating *astrology* rather than astronomy, yet contributing to the period a spirit of *impatient* appetite which was a prelude to the revival of learning.

13. (A.D. 1203-1284.) Alphonsus the Wise, who inherited science from the Spanish Arabians, and reigned many years in Leon and Castile, was a philosopher for his times, but accepted the science of the day with dissatisfaction. To him the witty but profane complaint is attributed: "If I had been of the Maker's privy-council when He created the universe, I could have advised Him better."

14. (A.D. 1453.) The fall of Constanti-

nople drove Greek learning to Italy, and the residue of the century is the trophy of what Christians of the older Church carried to Western Europe after they had regained from the Arabs, unimpaired, but little improved, their own ancient property of astronomical science. (See 11, *supra*.)

15. (A.D. 1473-1534.) Nicolas Koper-nik, a Latin Presbyter of Poland, established the heliocentric system scientifically, and published his immortal work just before he died. He acknowledged that it left many difficulties unsolved, but he proved these the small dust of the balance as compared with the difficulties and absurdities it took away.

16. (A.D. 1564-1642.) Though many divines as well as scholars had favoured the Copernican theory, Galileo, through the invention of the telescope, and the discovery by its aid of lunar phases in the planet Venus, crowned the Copernican system with demonstrated success.

17. (A.D. 1534-1674.) It was opposed, nevertheless, by men of science of the first order, such as Muller—or Regiomontanus—(died 1478), by Tycho Brahe (died 1601), and Francis Bacon, who died in 1626. Milton (died 1674) wavered, as his great poem shows, and thus, even after Kepler (died 1630), Europe had not accepted

genuine science, *in the persons of the greatest professors of "Modern Thought."*

18. (A.D. 1473-1543.) Thus Copernicus, the Christian priest, was in advance of science by more than a hundred years. Compare these facts with the sneers of Renan and of Sir Edwin Arnold.

II.

The Preternatural (p. 22).—What I mean by *my* words about optics and acoustics may be explained by a reference to "Religion and Chemistry" (p. 43), by J. P. Cooke, Esq., Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in Harvard University: Scribner, New York, 1864. He quotes Tyn-dal's anecdote of one who could not hear the shrill noise of innumerable crickets, though at the same time the dull thud of a donkey's hoof, almost inaudible to others, was very perceptible to his peculiar ear. This is scientifically explained, and the analogy between sound and light is said to be complete, creating many similar discrepancies in human experience. The eye of one may see what is invisible to another, by known laws of ethereal waves that produce the sensation of light on the retina. Scripture, therefore, on scientific principles, gives us a fact (II. Kings vi. 16) which,

until these laws were understood, seemed incredible. "There is a Christian theory," says Professor Cooke, "which is perfectly consistent *with all known facts*" (p. 323). The vision of the shepherds (St. Luke ii. 13, 14) and their hearing of angelic voices is vindicated by principles which Professor Cooke lays down (p. 44), though without reference to that or any other text. Accept, therefore, the *preternatural*, not the *supernatural*, for the base of many miracles now known to be scientifically possible.

I have suggested that magnetism as now associated with electricity intimates the possibility of electrical currents in nature which might conceivably lift a weight of iron from the water, on the principle of the "carrying power" of a magnet. "Electro-biology," so-called, though prematurely classed with sciences, appears to me to have demonstrated something in nature which they name *odylic force*, that explains much more than is claimed for it by empirics: *e.g.*, the flight of birds, or rather their rising in air and poising in the tenuity of ether—as the weighty eagle does, bearing its prey also, high over Mt. Blanc—seems by no means sufficiently explained by mere wing-power. The sea-gull *darts*, rather than flies, far ahead of the swiftest steamer, and then flings himself back again, and plays

against violent winds to and fro, in mid-ocean. So the little petrel walks upon the waters, apparently, in a manner not wholly explained by his wings; and the flying-fish seems to shoot into air by a projectile force only feebly subject to fins, which are not wings at all, and which can hardly account for its powerful leaps and springs. I am not anxious to explain away the supernatural. I see no difficulty in believing that the Almighty suspends His own laws by the same omnipotence that created them; but I suggest that our Lord, through human agents, often wrought many marvels in the exercise of His omniscience *by the immanent forces of nature* and not by any suspension of them. Had it been possible to lay the Atlantic cable without public observation, the most astounding "impossibilities" would have been demonstrated as *fact*, and must have been regarded as miracles. When our Master said, "Lazarus is dead," or to the nobleman, "Thy son liveth," He may, as a man, have exercised certain natural forces, by which He perceived what He thus announced. Of this possibility the empiricism of our day seems to furnish evidence in anecdotes that are not altogether to be classed with its palpable frauds. For, "it appears," says Professor Cooke, "that our bodies are mere

channels of *force* ; machines whose motive power emanates from the great centre of the solar system " (p. 235). Grant this, and you have a vast magazine of the mysteries of nature, which should make the scientist ashamed of himself when he pronounces a miracle "impossible" ; or when he affirms the absolute fixedness of laws about which we know nothing. The Christian's God is omniscient and omnipotent. We cannot limit the Almighty. Nor can we forget that He who gave us five senses might have given us fifty—every one opening up to us new views of His resources, and of things not dreamed of by philosophers.

III.

Nicene Faith (p. 24).—The confessions of Luther and Calvin are made creeds, or terms of communion ; but far more complicated than these is the creed of Laynez, called after Pius IV. This "creed" itself is imposed in direct violation of Catholic law, which forbids the compilation of any other than the Nicene Creed, or additions thereto. Laynez's creed requires "a firm faith and profession of all and every one of those things which *the Holy Roman Church maketh use of*," adding twelve articles to the Nicene, or Catholic faith, of which one

is the following: viz., "I likewise undoubtedly receive and profess *all other things defined and declared* by the sacred canons and general councils, and *particularly* by the Holy Council of Trent." Here, then, the General Councils of antiquity are not sufficient to define a Catholic; but *particularly*, the interminable system of Trent theology is demanded as that without believing which we cannot be saved. Think what is here required, and how few of those who profess it have any idea of what *all those things* are. Note, this is the creed of "the Holy Roman Church," not of the Catholic Church. For the creed of Pius IV., of which Laynez is the true author, Americans may as well look into the "Compendium Ritualis Romani" (p. 193), Baltimore, 1842. On "the Chalcedonian Decree," which forbids any other than the Nicene Creed to be made the Creed of Catholics, see the valuable work of the Rev. John Fulton, D.D., New York, 1892.

IV.

Journalism (p. 32).—How largely our newspapers deal in scandal and crime is becoming a serious matter for the moralist, if it be true that "evil communications corrupt good manners." We have been in-

formed, in a recent lecture by the accomplished Mr. White, our minister to the Court of St. Petersburg, that almost innumerable cuttings gathered from newspapers published in all parts of the country prove that *homicide* is more prevalent among us than in any other country called civilized, and is largely committed with impunity, or with trifling penalties. This statement is sustained by the official "Census Bulletin," No. 182, now before me, in which "homicide" is thus reported: "Of 82,329 prisoners in the United States, June 1, 1890, the number charged with homicide was 7386. . . . More than one eighth are awaiting trial; of those convicted, 158 are awaiting execution; 49 of these were found in the Kansas penitentiary, *no day having been fixed for their execution by any governor since 1872*. The average sentence for convicts not sentenced to death is 13 years, 292 days." Many culprits of this kind are pardoned after trifling imprisonment; many after indictment are let out on bail, and are never tried.

V.

Quinet (p. 35).—(Recur to Note III.) His work on "Ultramontaniam" was translated, under its author's sanction, and published in London, 1845, with the subordi-

nate title of "The Roman Church and Modern Society." Unfortunately he does not confine himself to this strictly accurate and self-imposed term "Roman," but falls into the slipshod vulgarism of confounding it with "Catholic." But the work has many merits, though full of the less offensive forms of "modern thought." Consult the Third Lecture. He says: "Layne, the Jesuit, became the soul of the Council, and . . . *the organization of the Church assumed a new form*" (p. 42). "The address consisted in making this change, *without anywhere speaking of it.*" When the Vatican Council, after three ages of reticence, was convened, the bishops found themselves deprived of all synodical rights, and reduced to a mere "synod of sacristans"—as said Darboy, Archbishop of Paris. The pontiff issued the dogma of his own *Infallibility*, and they were there only to register it; their votes had nothing to do with defining it, but merely signified their submission. Of course, neither this nor the Trent conventicle had any character in common with the free Councils of antiquity. To this fearful contrast Quinet attaches special importance.

VI.

The Vulgate (p. 36).—The Vulgate of St. Jerome is not that which was thrust upon the Roman Church by this decree. It is another and a corrupted Vulgate which was made equal to the *ipsissima verba* of the original Hebrew. In 1590 Pope Sixtus V. issued his second edition of an infallible Bible, forbidding all other Bibles to be read. He pronounced it *the book* authorized by the Trent Council; to be “cited, *and no other*, in all public or private citations, expositions, etc.” But in 1593 Clement VIII. cancelled all this, and put out another edition, largely corrected and altered from the one which his predecessor had declared to be the Vulgate defined and accepted by the Trent Council. Now turn back to Note III. and observe that all the decrees and definitions of that Council are *part and parcel of the creed itself*, as by that Council ordained for the use of the “Holy Roman Church.” So, then, Clement’s Bible, or that of Sixtus, which? Both are equally “infallible,” but that which Clement has superseded as corrupt in many places is the one which Sixtus declares to be *the one ordained by the creed of his Church*. See the “Treatise of Thomas James” (a contemporary of

these popes), reprinted by the Rev. John Edmund Cox, M.A., ed. London, Parker, 1843.

VII.

England and Trent (p. 49).—Let the student recur to the Conférence of Poissy (Sept. 9, 1561), and the remarkable letter addressed to the Pope by the Queen-mother, as its prelude, in which she declares the number of those who had abandoned his Communion in France “too great to be restrained by laws or force of arms.” Laynez appeared at this colloquy; the Trent Council did not adjourn till Dec. 4, 1563. It was opened Dec. 13, 1545. It was extraordinary that Catherine de Medicis seemed favourable to reform. But she resorted to the massacre of St. Bartholomew’s day, as her final resource for destroying the Huguenots, and the Pontiff celebrated it with *Te Deums*.

VIII.

Beza (p. 49).—After the council, Catherine wrote a letter in which she seems to blame the Romish ecclesiastics for the failure. She also sent a request to the pontiff to “re-establish the marriage of priests and the Communion in the two species of bread

and wine." France was ripe for reformation, but Beza fell into the net spread for him, *i.e.*, to get the Lutherans and Calvinists into discord; and Laynez "turned the colloquy into open war." See l'Abbé Guettée, "Histoire de l'église de France," vol. ix., pp. 22-45.

IX.

Philosophy in Germany (p. 53).—Dr. Stirling's edition of Schwegeler is succinct, and very useful for all ordinary readers, and the editor's annotations are all valuable. His partiality for Hegel will commend this editor to many in these days. He says: "The resurrection of Christ is, to Hegel, *an actual fact*, etc." (p. 440). "Handbook," etc., ed. New York, Putnam's Sons.

The work of Ueberweg, translated by my friend the late Professor Morris of the Michigan University, and enriched by the annotations of Dr. Schaff and others, is desirable for the industrious student.

X.

Hegel (p. 55).—It seems only fair to quote here the language of the editor mentioned in the former note. He cuts the Gordian knot ("Where is God in His sys-

tem?") by reminding us that "Schopenhauer hated Hegel." He then claims for Hegel that his philosophy was "*avowedly* a philosophy of restoration and religious reaction." And he credits him with the following positions: (1) Only in religious belief is society possible. (2) A nation that believes not in God and the immortality of the soul, *in the supernatural elements generally*, must, even in its own madness, dissipate and destroy itself. (3) Negation had done its work; it was time for the affirmative to step in. Stirling's edition of Schweigler (translated), *ut supra*.

XI.

Clement and Athanasius (p. 55).—I am thankful that I can here refer to one of the professors of "modern thought," who has advanced very far toward the highest thought in his estimate of these grand old masters. He says: "It is instructive to note how closely Athanasius approaches the confines of modern scientific thought, simply through his fundamental conception of God as the indwelling life of the universe." See "The Idea of God," by Professor John Fiske, pp. 83-109, ed. Boston, 1886. See also "Institutes of Christian History," by Bishop Coxe, pp. 27, 28, ed. Chicago, 1887.

XII.

After Schleiermacher, etc. (p. 55).—Here Auberlen, who does full justice to Schleiermacher, must be consulted. He says: "His followers, the ablest among them, very soon saw that Christian theology could not long remain on the standpoint of their master. . . . Beginning from that which Schleiermacher had established afresh, the *fides quâ creditur*, they sought also to make clear the *fides quæ creditur*, the saving truth of the Bible and the Church, and to bring it out with growing fulness" (p. 362). "Divine Revelation" (translated), ed. Edinburgh, 1867, Clark. For the plain story of reviving faith and love in Germany, see Professor Cairns's translation of "Krummacher's Autobiography," New York, 1869, Carter. It is a devout book which any one may read with profit, and which the student of Germany (in the beginnings of its revival of faith) will find a most interesting reviewal.

XIII.

The Old Catholics (p. 64).—While the great mind and spirit of Döllinger must be credited with the brave movement which rescued a few souls out of Sardis, at the

crisis of Pius IX.'s "Infallibility decree," I must here recall the beloved name of my friend Hirscher, as the forerunner of this restoration of Catholicity—the necessity of which he felt, and urged powerfully in his *brochure*, "Die Kirchlichen Zustände der Gegenwart," Tübingen, 1849. It was translated in 1852, and published at Oxford (Parker) by the author of these lectures. Hirscher sustained this little treatise by others in the same spirit, but was forced to withdraw them. They were put into the Index, and greatly censured by the Jesuits. He was silenced like Galileo, but like him he might say, *E pur si muove*. Döllinger has carried on his work. The movement is daily strengthening and extending itself. See "Les Derniers Jansenistes," *par* Leon Séché, vol. iii., p. 31, etc., Paris, 1892, Perrin.

XIV.

Pessimism (p. 66).—The authors above referred to tell us all that is required about the place of this pest in German philosophy; but I beg the reader who would consider it more attentively, to avail himself of help afforded by a learned and useful work, to which I shall have further occasion to refer: viz., "Ecclesiastes in Relation to Modern Pessimism," by the Rev. C. H.

H. Wright, D.D., of Trinity College, Dublin, etc., London, 1883, Hodder. Note his remarks on the opinion of Schopenhauer concerning women, and "the deficiency of moral rectitude" in the sex.

XV.

Hardouin (p. 79).—There is every reason to suppose that he made his portentous experiment with the approbation of the Society of Jesuits. He could not have published any important work without it, by their rules; and when they made him sign a retraction in view of his want of success, *it was a mere farce*, for he kept on in the same career to the end, opposed by the Gallicans, but in high credit with the Ultramontanes. His epitaph will serve for that of many critics of our times—*Credulitate puer, audaciâ juvenis, deliriis senex*. See Supplement to Boyle, by Chauffepié, ed. Amsterdam, 1750. Also, a good summary of this extraordinary sophist's career, in the English "Biographical Dictionary," vol. vi., p. 444, London, 1784.

XVI.

Niebuhr (p. 80).—When I read Livy in college, it was almost universally conceded

that the Roman historians were mere fabulists. In 1869, accompanied by an American *savant*, I surveyed the excavations on the Palatine and elsewhere, under the eloquent illustrative guidance of Signor Lanciani. Quotations from Livy had been set up in divers places where the text of that author was confirmed by the explorations. "We are already far, thank Heaven, from the period when it was fashionable to follow the exaggerations of *that famous hypercritical school*, which denied every event in Roman history previous to the second Punic War." So says the erudite Lanciani in his work, "Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries," Boston, 1888, Riverside Press. Another "hypercritical school" is destined to be left behind the age in the same way—and such as *Niebuhr* is, *Renan* shall be.

XVII.

Brahmo-Somaj (p. 99).—Happily a very succinct but interesting account of this "worshipping assembly"—so they translate it—is accessible to American readers in the Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia, vol. i., p. 319, ed. New York, 1888, Christian Literature Society.

XVIII.

Dr. Pusey (p. 106).—For a just and generous view of this learned and godly man, in his early relations with Germany, see the Biography of Hugh James Rose, in Dean Burgon's "Lives of Twelve Good Men," vol. i., p. 134, London, 1888, Murray.

XIX.

Morals and Doctrine (p. 107).—It is painful to note how commonly we find that indifference to Divine Revelation, if it does not proceed from deeds of evil, yet, sooner or later, descends to them and breeds the most corrosive ideas of what is sound in ethics. The author so thoroughly exposed, by Lightfoot at least, consented to the cruel fraud by which his worthless book was made profitable merchandise of the market. I have been forced to mention in these lectures, designed for the youth of a college, the peril to any country of irreligious teachings and examples in chief seats of education. And now, because I am amazed that Boston seems to acquiesce in the ethical character imparted to Harvard by a recent discourse of its President, I feel obliged as an American, and as one

descended, in part, from the colonial sires of New England, to put on record in these pages his extraordinary words. It proves the inevitable tendency of what is called Liberalism. "Jehovah, Jove, or Lord," with Belial to boot, are all one in the "modern thought" that now rules in that venerable university. Its ancient motto has been practically changed to *Bon Dieu, bon diable*; which means, if thus expounded, that all is equally fair in morals reduced to a *cult*, according to the conscience of any sensualist. Here, then, is the record, as I take it from the New York *Independent*—italics are mine:

"'The Deseret Weekly' contains what purports to be an absolutely exact *verbatim* report of the address made by President Eliot of Harvard College in the Mormon Tabernacle. With his address is an account of the speech by Wilford Woodruff, Brigham Young's successor, *cordially approving President Eliot's speech*, and two editorials also approving it. 'The Deseret Weekly' is the organ of *the Mormon Church* and the authorized medium by which *the Church authorities give their views to the saints*. The following is the portion of his address which attracted notice, and *it deserves all the criticism that has been given it*:

“*Ladies and Gentlemen:* I have been spending the last forty-eight hours in the wilderness of the Rocky Mountains, part of the time unavoidably detained. My mind involuntarily went back to the first journey across the wilderness by civilized men and women, to the plantation of *this superb colony by a Christian Church*. It reminded me of another planting 256 years ago, a planting of *another Christian Church* by the Puritans and Pilgrims in New England. They, too, crossed a wilderness—a wilderness of water; *they, too, sought freedom to worship God*; they, too, sought to subdue the wilderness. They waited much longer than you have done for fruition. Their soil was poorer, their labour less promptly rewarded, their sufferings greater. . . . There is no motive in colonization like *the religious motive*. The history of the world proves that abundantly. Mind will not do it. Neither will the search for furs, or for game, or for fish, or any other wealth of the land or sea. The great successful colonies of this world are founded by men and women of *religious* enthusiasm. *Here, therefore, you have founded a colony in the finest spirit, in the hope of worshipping God according to your consciences*. And yet here in this beautiful valley, here *in this most successful of American colonies*, so

far as redeeming the wilderness and *establishing well-being in a single generation* is concerned, has already arisen the question of religious liberty.' ”

Such is the “Liberal” idea of a “superb” colony and of its plantation by “Christian Church”—set forth for the imitation of youth in Harvard University. The “poetry” of a Pilgrim celebration was recently assigned to a Hibernian zealot of Romanism: and now the “Pilgrim Fathers” are, rather unfavourably, wrought into a parallel with the besotted disciples of “Joe Smith.” Are such ideas of their forefathers to pass into the education of New Englanders as historical? What is the text-book of Christian morals at Harvard since the Bible has been degraded by “higher criticism”? And what are the youth of Harvard to understand by the phrase—“a Christian Church”?

XX.

Alcuin (p. 125).—Let me refer the reader to my “Institutes of Christian History” if he would have a just idea of this beautiful character, who flourished just before the rise of the Papacy, under Nicholas I. In the “Caroline Books” he laid the foundation of Anglican Restoration. He was

the Athanasius of his age; the instructor of Charlemagne, and the engineer of his policy in the great Council of the West, which rejected the (pretended) "Seventh Œcumenical Council," which was rather the Conventicle of Irene and the offspring of her corrupt Court, if not of her own personal depravity.

The "Caroline Books" are, naturally, omitted from the works of Alcuin, by Romish editors; but nobody supposes that Charlemagne was their author, nor has anybody been able to conjecture who could have written them if not his venerated preceptor. My edition of Alcuin is that of Frobenius, Ratisbon, 1777. In my "Institutes of Christian History" (pp. 120, 121, *ut supra*) the reader will find a beautiful quotation from one of his letters, and an historical estimate of his position.

XXI.

Luther (p. 131).—If any one wishes to know who was the founder of all the Rationalism that has afflicted Germany for centuries, let him consult Auberlen ("Divine Revelation," p. 231, ed. translation, Edinburgh), where he makes the synoptic Gospels of little account, and says of the Epistle of St. James: "*It is very dry and*

useless compared with St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, . . . for there *is nothing of an evangelical kind in it.*" That great doctor was the illustrious translator of the Scriptures, and thus the founder of German Literature in the vulgar tongue; but, thanks be to God, the Anglican Restorers of Catholic orthodoxy were not his disciples. In his disputation at Oxford old Latimer refused to be called a Lutheran, and though treating his name respectfully, he said: "I do not take in hand here to defend Luther's sayings or doings." See his "Sermons and Remains," p. 265, ed. Cambridge, 1845.

XXII.

The outcome of "Higher Criticism" (p. 152).—In this form of negation (*ignomus*) there are few who have been so daringly outspoken as a person to whom I have referred in a former Note (p. 238), who *since he uttered such language* about the Holy Bible, has been elected to the Presidency of Cornell University. His language as reported is as follows: "Astronomy has dislocated heaven and hell, and sent the earth spinning round the sun. Geology and biology have revolutionized our views about the formation of the earth;

and now, last of all, the *terrible agony* of biblical criticism is *showing* that the Bible is a collection of books, written, for the most part, by *we know not whom*, at *we know not what date*, and put together *we know not on what principle*." As I have appealed, in vain, to his personal friends to obtain from him a repudiation of this statement, and as it has been repeatedly republished and quoted as his, with no sign of retraction, I am forced reluctantly to suppose that the hundreds of *both sexes* who repair to Cornell for education are to be thus leavened with unbelief, unsuspectingly, perhaps, by the known views of one to whom they look up with admiration as their example and pattern. For what is "education" in America forming the young of the rising generation if such are their preceptors?

XXIII.

The Seventy (p. 182).—The honour paid to the Version of "the Seventy," by our Lord and His apostles, justifies us, it seems to me, in regarding their judgment in such a matter as this as decisive. Yet, were it only that they were witnesses, nearer to the source of testimony than we are, their judgment at least is testimony against which no modern critic can contend

with any claim to superior knowledge of history, or of a more critical insight as to language and style.

And here I venture to go a little out of my way to direct attention to the views of evidence supported by Dean Lyall in his "*Propædeia Prophetica*" (ed. of Canon Pearson, London, 1885), as, for example, on p. 34, where he refers to scientific theories, probably correct, as to changes in the structure of this planet, which theories are yet contrary to all human experience, and rest on no recorded testimony whatever. See also (p. 297) why Scripture "*is not* to be treated as other books."

XXIV.

Common Law (p. 224).—The Common Law is recognized by the Constitution of the United States and by the Laws of the State of New York. In the Constitution of the State (Art. xxxv) it is provided that "such parts of the Common-Law of England and of the Statute-Law of England as" (together with Colonial legislation) "did form the Law of the Colony on the 19th day of April, in the year of our Lord 1775, be and continue the Law of this State." These provisions continue till this day, and can only be subverted by

the overthrow of our liberties and institutions. Similar provisions are general elsewhere.

My references to Chancellor Kent were all carefully verified by my young friend, Philip Sherwood Smith, Esq., of Buffalo, in the law libraries to which he has access. He gives them as follows: "*People vs. Ruggles*, 8 Johnson, p. 290, *et seq.*;" including "*Act concerning oaths*, Revised Statutes, first ed., vol. i., p. 405"; and "*Tremaine's Pleas of the Crown*, p. 226, case of Taylor."

The argument of Webster in the famous "*Girard Case*" greatly impressed me at the time, and will always be worth referring to by persons interested in the "*Religious Instruction of the Young, and the Christian Ministry*." See works of that eminent jurist, vol. vi., pp. 133-184, and the judgment of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania as therein cited (p. 182) in the case of Updegraph, etc.

XXV.

Renan (p. 232).—If in a former note I have unfavourably contrasted Sir Edwin Arnold's second-hand profaneness with that of his original, M. Renan, I find that Canon Pearson has very pointedly noted something

of the same sort in others of the same school. He refers to what is "*coarsely asserted* in vernacular writings, unrelieved by the *disastrous talent* of M. Renan." See Pearson's note on Dean Lyall (*ut supra*), p. 35.

My friend Mr. Smith (see Note XXIV.) calls my attention to a recent work of Renan, in which he intimates the possibility of his return to Faith in a very striking passage. But since this Note was in the printer's hands the death of this unfortunate man of genius (Oct. 2, 1892) is announced, and has profoundly touched me. On his grave I drop a tear of pity and of painful grief. He was the victim of a state of things he did not create; of a religion which has substituted credulity for faith, and of a state of society which has revolted from it into hardened unbelief. Leave him to his God; we are not his judges. But, out of his blaspheming lips, we may truly affirm, has been uttered more for Holy Writ, and to honour Christ, than has ever proceeded from the hollow hearts of some who profess to be Christ's ministers.

XXVI.

General Note (p. 236).—See these quotations from Lactantius, in his *De Opificio Dei*: "Ante-Nicene Fathers," vol. vii. p.

299. The eloquent text of the original I have given in the Introductory Notice to that volume, with some remarks on the author. Nor can I forbear to speak of the enthusiasm with which one of the beloved friends and associates of my youthful ministry used to quote it. I refer to the Rev. Peter Schermerhorn Chauncey, the rector of Christ Church, Hartford. In a copy of the Prayer-Book which he gave me, he has inscribed it, and, long since, the dear saint rested from his labours, having more than realized this master passion of his pure and lovely life in his successful ministry. Underneath his citation he has added, from Castalio, this noble assurance of the ultimate triumph of the Gospel: "Non semper pendebit inter latrones Christus; aliquando resurget crucifixa Veritas."

AMEN.

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